THE

# Repository

OF

# ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

## *Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,*

For SEPTEMBER, 1813.

VOL. X.

The Fifty-seventh Number.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the* Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

*The desire of* F. C. S. *has been duly complied with; but in case of future communications, we must request the postage to be paid.*

*The correspondent who favoured us with the* Olio *is referred to our Miscellaneous Fragments and Anecdotes. A continuance of his contributions will be acceptable.*

*The engraving and account of a newly invented* Life-Preserver, *intended for the present Number, is unavoidably postponed till our next.*

*The Description of the* French Window-Curtain, *the engraving of which was given in No.* LV. *will be found this month under the head of Fashionable Furniture.*

*The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.*

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——————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

## CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

*(Continued from p. 70.)*

MISS *K.* Here are some witches by John Gilbert Cooper, from his *Tomb of Shakspeare.*

Miss *Eve.* What are Cooper's dates?

Miss *K.* He was son to a gentleman of family and fortune at Thurgarton, in Nottinghamshire. He married Miss Wright, daughter of the recorder of Leicester, settled at his family seat, and died of the stone in April 1769.

The scene thus changed from this romantic land
To a black waste by boundary unconfin'd,
Where three swart sisters of the weird band
Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale want had wither'd ev'ry furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of years,
And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves, they posted to the bourn
Of a drear island, where the pendant brow
Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the boist'rous waves which raged below.

Deep in a gloomy grot, remote from day,
Where smiling Comfort never shew'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray,
Discovering all the terrors of the place,

They held d—— mysteries with infernal state,
Whilst ghastly spectres glided slowly by;
The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor sign of living creature could be seen;
Save where the reptile snake or sullen toad
The murky floor had mark'd with venom'd green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
Each weird sister vanish'd into smoke;
Now a dire yell of spirits under-ground,
Through troubled earth's wide-yawning surface broke.

Miss *Eve.* Shakspeare's witches are well known. He observes, or rather makes Macbeth say of them,

Whither are they vanish'd?
Into the air, and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.

Milton says,

Nor uglier follows the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air, she comes

said, that she went to the Hampstead-road; when she passed her house, she told her that she wished to have her fortune told. The prisoner replied, that she need not ask any questions, for she knew she was come to enquire after a fair man. The prisoner then presented some cards, and desired her to cut them, which she accordingly did; and the prisoner, after looking for some time at the cards, told her she would marry the fair man; and that, in less than twenty-four hours, she would receive a letter, bringing her some good news. She then presented to her some cards, ornamented in a very uncommon manner, and desired her to draw some of them; the woman accordingly drew three, two of which contained the figures of lions, and the other a globe. The prisoner told her, that these indicated that she should conquer every thing she took in hand; and farther said, that on the 4th, 6th, and 14th of next March, something very particular would happen to her; that if she did not take great care, she would be very much injured; and that she had two sincere friends and three very great enemies. The witness told the old woman, that she was engaged in a law-suit, and wished to know if the prisoner could give her any information as to the event; upon which, pretending to make some calculations, she told her she would be successful. For this she paid the prisoner one shilling. The officer produced a pack of cards, and a number of other cards, ornamented in a very uncommon and frightful manner, some of them representing the devil, hell, &c. The magistrate, on examination, found that the playing cards always cut the seven of diamonds. This, no doubt, was so contrived as to deceive the ignorant, and to enable her to tell beforehand what card they would cut. The magistrate urged her, but in vain, to inform him where they were bought. A sheet of paper was produced by the officer, which he found in her room: it contained written instructions for practising her deceptions. She was committed to the house of correction as a rogue and vagabond.

Miss *Eve.* She lived in the Hampstead-road. I think it is in Hampstead church-yard that Harrison, who invented the time-keeper for ascertaining the longitude, for which the Parliament of this country offered £20,000, is buried.

Miss *K.* Yes; and here is the inscription on his monument there.—"In memory of Mr. John Harrison, late of Red Lion-square, London, inventor of the time-keeper for ascertaining the longitude at sea. He was born at Foulby, in the county of York, and was the son of a builder of that place, who brought him up to the same profession. Before he attained the age of twenty-one, he, without any instruction, employed himself in cleaning and repairing clocks and watches, and made a few of the former, chiefly of wood. At the age of twenty-five, he employed his whole time in chronometrical improvements: he was the inventor of the gridiron pendulum, and the method of preventing the effects of heat and cold upon time-keepers, by two bars of different metals fixed together: he introduced the secondary spring, to keep them going

while winding up; and was the inventor of most or all of the improvements in clocks and watches during his time. In 1735, his first time-keeper was sent to Lisbon; and, in 1764, his then much improved fourth time-keeper having been sent to Barbadoes, the Commissioners of Longitude certified that he had determined the longitude within one third of half a degree of a great circle, having erred not more than 40 seconds in time. After near 60 years of close application to the above pursuits, he departed this life on the 24th day of March, 1776, aged 83.

"Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison, wife of the above Mr. John Harrison, departed this life March 5, 1777, aged 72."

Miss *Eve*. There is a pretty epitaph on an elegant monument not far from Hampstead, in Pancras church-yard, on an interesting child drowned in a pond, while at a boarding-school, I think at Hackney.

"Sacred to the memory of Miss Dorothea Dias de Faria, who was unfortunately drowned in the fifth year of her age, June 26, 1772."

Soft as the balm the gentlest gale distils,
Sweet as the fragrancy of new-mown hills,
Her opening mind a thousand charms reveal'd,
Proofs of those thousands which were yet conceal'd;
The loveliest flow'r in Nature's garden placed,
Permitted just to bloom, and pluck'd in haste.

Miss *K*. Here is an epitaph in Limehouse church-yard, Nov. 13, 1737.

Youth, wit, and beauty in their sweetest prime,
Cut off by death in unexpected time:
'Tis needless whether he or she to say;
Let's wait on God till that eternal day,
When knowledge to perfection will be grown,
And we shall surely know, as now we're known.

Sleep, tender soul—these lines, though put for thee,
Shall stand a mournful monument for me.

Here is an inscription and epitaph that were peculiarly interesting for some years, when party-spirit strongly pervaded the minds of the people, and when many were prejudiced against Lord Bute (who had been tutor to the king), and against the Scotch in general. It was written on a young man, son of an innkeeper in the Borough, who was shot by soldiers, said to be natives of Scotland, in his father's stable or cow-house, whither he had fled for protection, at the time the late John Wilkes was confined in the King's Bench prison. Crowds of people went, particularly on a Sunday, to view this monument, for a long time after it was erected in the church-yard of Newington Butts.

"Sacred to the memory of William Allen, an Englishman of unspotted life and unblemished reputation, who was inhumanly murdered near St. George's Fields, on the 10th day of May, 1768, by Scottish detachments from the army.—His disconsolate parents, inhabitants of this parish, caused this monument to be erected to an only son, lost to them and to the world in his 20th year, as a monument of his virtues and their affection."

Oh! disembodied soul, most rudely driven
From this low orb (our sinful seat) to heaven;
While filial piety can please the ear,
Thy name will still occur for ever dear;
This very spot, now humanized, shall crave
From all a tear of pity on thy grave.
O flow'r of flow'rs, which we shall see no more,
No kind returning spring can thee restore!
Thy loss thy hapless countrymen deplore.

O Earth, cover not thou my blood.
JOB xvi. 18.

Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness.——PROV. xxv. 5.

Miss *Eve.* Unfortunate youth!—a mob, I understand, was very riotous about the King's Bench at that time. Lord Bute, I believe, married Lady M. W. Montague's daughter, whose birth is mentioned in one of her letters from Turkey, in 1717.—What were the dates of John Wilkes, the celebrated patriot?

Miss *K.* He was the son of a distiller, and was born in St. John's-street, near West Smithfield, Oct. 28, 1727. He died Dec. 26, 1797, aged upwards of 70. I remember a song written some years before he died, and containing mock epitaphs. That on Wilkes I think ran thus:

Here lies Johnny Wilkes, as by many 'tis hinted,
On ministers' bad ways who oft quaintly hath squinted;
An alderman once, and once he was lord mayor;
No more he puns or squints, but now lies quiet here.

Miss *Eve.* How horribly Hogarth has made him squint in his whole-length portrait of him!

Miss *K.* Yes. Churchill says, that he has

Given to an angel's mind a devil's face.

Miss *Eve.* I have heard, that the city voted his picture to be placed in Guildhall; but Wilkes refused the intended honour, saying, "The case of my soul shall not be thus exposed to posterity with such a continued squint at them." I have read his name on the obelisk at the bottom of Fleet-street and Ludgate-hill, facing Fleet Market, with the date of the year in which he was lord mayor, I think, 1775.

Churchill was very severe in his portraits. In one of his pieces, he says of some person, that he has

Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face.

There were three Johns, much celebrated as patriots some years ago, Wilkes, Glyn, and Horne, afterwards Horne Tooke. They were even painted on signs, and were the darlings of the multitude, as a certain baronet is at present. Churchill was very severe upon Hogarth, in his epistle to him, for caricaturing his friend Wilkes. He chiefly charged him with vanity, envy, and selfishness. Do you remember some of his lines?

Miss *K.*

Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain;
Through the dull measures of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long, long hours away;
While friends with friends a-gaping, sit and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise.

Miss *Eve.* Yes; and when speaking of the ancients, he says,—

If you would have a true perfection shewn,
It must be found in pieces of my own;
I dare to challenge, in one single piece,
Th' united force of Italy and Greece.

The same poet observes, that many writers have said, that Envy attends Merit to the grave, and then leaves it; but that

To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die.

JUNINUS.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE inclosed narrative of a Tour through Derbyshire, was written by an excellent and amiable man with whom I was well acquainted in my boyish years; and who, on his return from exploring the principal natural curiosities of that romantic region, composed this account, in the form of letters, for the entertainment of his friends. When it is considered how little the scenes here described are liable to change, you may possibly think, with me, that, notwithstanding the length of time during which this journal has remained in manuscript, your readers may still derive some amusement, and perhaps information, from the perusal.

I shall merely add, that the writer, whose little compositions and *jeux d'esprit* often enlivened the circles with which he associated, was carried to the grave by a decline in 1792, at the early age of thirty-six; that Mr. von Heithausen, whom he accompanied in this tour, was a German gentleman of fortune, who visited England for the purpose of seeing whatever is remarkable here, and particularly to make himself acquainted with such improvements in agriculture as had not already been introduced into his native country.

I am, &c.

F. S.

LONDON, Aug. 9, 1813.

## A TOUR THROUGH DERBYSHIRE AND PART OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

HUDDERSFIELD, Sept. 9, 1788.

*Dear Friend,*

IF I do not forget, the next time that a glass of Champaign falls in my way, I will drink the health, —I beg pardon, I mean the memory of those who first invented the art of making paper, and placing the thoughts upon its surface by means of letters. We are certainly much indebted to them; for, had it not been for their ingenuity, I should not have had the pleasure of writing the following epistles to you, nor would you have had the pleasure (perhaps I should rather have said the trouble) of perusing them. Exclusive of the advantages which absent friends derive from distant converse with each other by this medium, trade and commerce could never have arrived to their present pitch, had there been no other means of conveying intelligence from one quarter of the globe to the other, than that which was in use before paper was introduced. Were we now obliged, as formerly, to make use of the bark of trees on the occasion, to what an enormous and inconceivable bulk would not the mails be swelled! How would the merchant contrive an archive in which to deposit his letters, unless he made use of an old deserted cow-house, or built a heap like those piled up at the tan-pits?—You will recollect, that, some time ago, I intimated to you my intention of making a tour through the Peak of Derbyshire, and, at the same time, gave you a promise of communicating my journal: the first I have since accomplished; and the latter I will endeavour to fulfil as much to your satisfaction as my small abilities, together with rather too hasty a transition from one place to another, will admit of. Much time and observation are requisite to form a proper judgment of things, and to collect the necessary information on the spot, of places or countries to be described. Derbyshire, in particular, is a country singular in its

appearances and productions; to explore which, with the degree of attention they claim, would require more time and philosophy than I could command: so that, if in the following pages you do not find such ample information or entertainment as you expected, attribute as much as you please, to my having been too rapidly hurried along, and the remainder to my defect in the requisite talents. But I think it is high time that we set off, for I know you like travelling as well as myself.

Our company from Fulneck, consisted of Mr. von Heithausen, Griffith Williams, and your humble servant. We left home about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, having bidden our friends adieu, and received many good wishes for an agreeable journey and safe return.

We descended Pudsey Hill with cautious steps; the declivity is steep, and riding down, to those unaccustomed to ups and downs in the world, appears a very awkward piece of business. The country from Fulneck to Huddersfield, is too well known to you, to render a description necessary. Nothing occurred on the road worth reciting, except it be a fray in which we were nearly involved with two Yorkshire clowns on Mirfield Moor: they were driving two pack-horses before them, and, on our attempting to pass by, the horses quickened their pace, and seemed determined to be foremost. We were apprehensive that the drivers would resent it, and attribute their speed to us; but they rather seemed pleased with the adventure, and cried out, "Let them run." But, in the middle of the common, one of the horses attempting to turn off, and take a wrong road, was prevented by Mr. von Heithausen with a lash of his whip: this brought on us a volley of oaths and abuse from one of the drivers, who seemed determined to exhaust his whole store. Our companion Griffith could not patiently bear this, but had his whole mass of Welsh blood thrown into a violent ferment, and, with a warmth of temper peculiar to his country-folks, charged our assaulter with impertinence and ill manners: the man was undoubtedly guilty of both, but to be told of it only made bad worse. I was obliged to interfere, begging him to be quiet, having always found it best to pass over such treatment, which is the result of boorish ignorance, either with silent contempt, or, if I can have sufficient command of my temper at the time, with a return of seeming civility. The latter expedient succeeded with the man, and his abuse of us ended with encomiums on his horse, and his own abilities in horsemanship, declaring, that if the former was not loaded, and he mounted, he would ride as well, and cut as good a figure as the best of us, smart as we looked. I told him, that none of us had the least doubt of his being an extraordinarily clever fellow, which compliment perfectly restored his good humour; and he, with his companion, soon parted with us in a friendly manner, wishing us a good journey.

The road from Mirfield Moor to Huddersfield is very level and pleasant, passing by the seat of Sir George Armitage, a celebrated man on the turf. The house is an

antique mansion, agreeably situated on an eminence in the park, which is well planned, though not very extensive. In it stands the tomb of the once renowned Robin Hood, who, with his colleague, Little John, rendered himself famous in the days of yore. Whether the body of that champion is actually deposited there, or the tomb is erected only as an object in the park, I am not able to ascertain. Should you be desirous of further information on this head, I must refer you to his life and adventures, which have been published; but they have escaped my observation, as my reading has not been the most extensive. The whole way on the left is bordered with hills of considerable height, chequered with low woods, and where the ascent admits of cultivation, with fields. The Calder runs with a winding course at the bottom. Some new mills have lately been erected within three miles of Huddersfield, seemingly upon an extensive scale, calculated for milling cloth, grinding corn, and some other purposes which I do not recollect. Sluices are made for conveying the water to four wheels. The reservoir for supplying them must have been a very expensive work, as it is very extensive, and the banks raised by materials collected for the purpose. When the whole is completed, there will be a prospect of considerable emolument to the proprietors, being advantageously situated in a populous manufacturing country.

We reached Huddersfield about six o'clock in the evening, and put up at the George Inn, which is an elegant stone building. Having drunk tea, we took a walk to view the town and suburbs. Some considerable improvements have been lately made. The principal street has been much enlarged by contracting the dimensions of the church-yard, which, with the addition of several new houses, renders it very decent. The contrast between the new and old buildings is striking, and calls for a total demolition of the latter, which now appear to double disadvantage. We were informed, that the owner of the estate intended to pull them all down, and rebuild them as the old leases expire: when this is effected, Huddersfield will be a very neat town. The church is a large Gothic structure, which age and smoke have rendered black; and it now exhibits a representation of monkish gloom, and the barbarous taste in architecture of those ages. Having amused ourselves for some time, we returned to our inn. We spent the evening very agreeably together, and about eleven o'clock retired to the land of nod.

If nothing intervenes that changes our plan, Buxton will be the next place whence you may expect to hear from

Your's, &c.

* * *

---

CASTLETOWN, Sept. 10, 1788.

*Dear Friend,*

You will probably be surprised at seeing my second letter dated from this place; but some unexpected events have changed our route, of which the sequel will inform you.

I think my last concluded with the important intelligence of our going to bed at night, so that this may commence with an occurrence of equal moment, namely, that we all rose the next morning, and went before breakfast to see the Cloth-Hall, for which we had made a fruitless application the evening before, for it was too late.

It is a large, convenient, circular building, consisting of two stories, with the windows inside. Suitable stages are erected all round, upon which the cloth is laid. Each person has his own stand, which is numbered, and a fixed price is paid for every piece of cloth carried in. Convenience seems to have been the principal consideration in planning the building, and though it is not altogether destitute of ornament, yet much has not been expended upon unnecessary grandeur. We returned to our quarters, breakfasted, and then set out, very well satisfied with our treatment and accommodations at the inn. The landlord is a man of a very civil and obliging disposition, who pays particular attention to his customers. His domestics appeared the same, and were all equally intent to serve: they have probably been much influenced in their behaviour by their master's example. In such inns the traveller feels himself at home, and though he has as undoubted a claim to civility at an inn, as at any shop where he makes a purchase; yet the many instances that occur to the contrary, render a civil and courteous behaviour the more agreeable, the less it is expected. Having rode out of the town, we parted with our companion Williams, who took the Marsden road, and we pursued that to Woodhead; passed through several villages, Lockwood, Amly, Haig, and Holmfirth; the latter place seemed populous, and has a very decent church, which has lately been rebuilt. These villages are all very pleasantly situated.

The road from Huddersfield till we passed Holmfirth, led us through an extensive, winding valley; on each side the prospects are rich and much diversified. Woods and cultivated fields on the sides of the hills, with excellent pasturage in the vallies, formed the face of the country, till within three or four miles of Woodhead, when the bleak aspect of the Peak begins to shew itself, with lofty, barren mountains: having reached the summit of one, we descended seemingly into another world, leaving all appearance of civilization behind us. The mind that can view scenes such as then presented themselves, without any sensible or striking emotion, must indeed be callous and unfeeling. In such majestic deformity of nature (if the expression may be allowed), we have a very grand display of our Maker's power.

Thomson, in his solemn address to the God of Seasons, has a beautiful passage, descriptive of the effects which the terrors of winter have upon a contemplative mind, and the ideas which they suggest concerning the omnipotent Creator. They occurred to my mind, having experienced some similar impressions from what I saw; and by supposing myself in those desolate regions in the depth of winter, could appropriate them very aptly:

In winter, awful Thou, with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness, on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime; Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Certain it is, that what the poet has here described, corresponds in its effects with such striking scenes in nature, and both occasion a mixed sensation of awe and terror in the mind, which milder seasons and less rugged prospects will never excite. I would not trespass upon your patience, by intruding these remarks, were I not well convinced, that a similar turn of thinking, together with your customary indulgence, would kindly excuse them.

The top of the mountain over which we passed was composed of turf, which in rainy weather is one entire bog. The road is hard and well made, and, on account of its vast elevation, it must have cost much labour to collect the materials. In treating of these mountains, I speak, or rather write, as one that has never been abroad: but as any thing is only great or small by comparison, had I ever visited the immense ridges of mountains that extend themselves through the whole continent of America from north to south; had I ever scaled the Peak of Teneriffe, or the tops of Etna or Vesuvius, or peeped into the gulphs whence they discharge their eruptions; had I been a soldier in the army of Hannibal when he led his troops across the Alps, which were before deemed inaccessible; or, had I even with my friend Weideman, on a hot summer's day, ascended the Scheideck in Switzerland, with many a puff and weary step; I should then look down upon the mountains of Derbyshire, and hardly allow, that, in comparison with those before mentioned, they deserve the name of hills. But as I have never travelled farther than the land of potatoes, buttermilk, and hospitality, I hope all those who may ever have made the tour of Europe, will excuse me, if my descriptions of those scenes of Derbyshire may appear to them either extravagant or too highly coloured. We observed, in several places, fissures of considerable depth on the sides of the mountains, occasioned by vast torrents of water that rush down in winter with great violence, particularly when the snow begins to melt. Though the season, for some time before we were there, had been remarkably dry, and a general scarcity of water complained of, yet the streams flowed down in several places, which plainly indicated, that in wet seasons the water collected upon the tops of those mountains must be immense, and its effects, when rolling down the rugged cataracts, very striking. And though we did not observe places of considerable height, where the fall is quite perpendicular, the appearance must, however, be grand, to view such a body of water rolling down from the top to the bottom of the mountain, continually broken and worked into foam by dashing against the rocks which oppose its passage.

I should think, that, to a person possessed of sufficient curiosity, time, and money, a visit to this country, in the depth of winter, would afford much pleasure, when the mountains are covered with snow, and the cataracts exerting all their violence. As you may

probably never view any scenes of this kind, and our poet Thomson has given us the most animated description of a cataract I have ever met with, give me leave to introduce it at present. I should not be much surprised, if, while you read it, imagination should suggest a tremendous roar, and oblige you to stop your ears, or to turn aside from the frightful prospect.

At first an azure sheet it rushes broad,
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls;
And, from the loud resounding rocks below,
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless show'r:
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose;
But, raging still, amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts,
And falling fast, from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

And there we will leave it for the present, and pursue our journey; for certain commotions in our stomachs, occasioned by the keen mountain air and long riding, reminded us of the necessity of supplying nature with her usual demands, which were more extravagant than ordinary. Our prospects on every side consisted of dreary mountains, which reared their heads over each other with rugged majesty, sometimes extending in long ridges, and sometimes thrown together in confused masses. The surfaces of the most part consisted of moss and heath, with here and there a heap of small rocks.

After a stage of twenty miles, we at last reached Glossop, and put up at the Bull's Head, to which we had been recommended. This is a small neat village, most delightfully situated; has a decent church, built in the true style of rural simplicity, with the church yard decorated, as those in the country generally are, with a solitary yew-tree. Adjoining the village is Glossop Hall, the residence of —— Howard, Esq.: nothing very striking distinguishes the mansion, which is small and as plain as possible. A river runs through the middle of the park, which abounds with wood, and appears to more advantage in that desolate country, than it would any where else. After waiting some time with no small impatience for dinner, which, for an hour and a half, we had been assured was coming immediately, some good English boiled beef and turnips made their appearance, to our no small comfort. We sat down to dinner with two travellers: the one a Mr. Harris from London, a considerable manufacturer of chimney-pieces, monuments, &c. and also a dealer in Derbyshire productions; the other a Mr. Kendal, his acquaintance, who was in the law line, and travelling for the benefit of his health. An acquaintance with these agreeable people soon commenced, and fully compensated for our long delay before dinner, which was upon their account. Mr. Harris had been employed to erect a monument in the church, sacred to the memory of a Squire Haig: it was well executed, and far eclipsed all the other ornaments of the building, which consisted chiefly of an escutcheon fringed with cobwebs, and a few rudely executed monuments, on which was carved something intended to represent a death's head and marrow-bones, but which bore a nearer resemblance to a turnip, with two broomsticks placed transversely beneath

it. The squire before-mentioned had been a man of considerable fortune, consequently of some note in the country: but his memory did not appear to be held in much esteem by the country people, as they expressed much dissatisfaction at the epitaph, which, as usual, exhibited his virtues (if he had any), and was totally silent as to his vices. There was sufficient reason to believe, that if the honest rustics durst have acted agreeably to their inclinations, they would have damaged the nose or the wig of the bust, which, with the head it inclosed, made a very portly appearance, and to have defaced it would certainly have been an act of unjustifiable wantonness. Mr. Harris had just completed the job when we arrived, and, with his companion, had determined to set off the same afternoon for Castletown, by a route across the mountains, which is seldom traversed, on account of the great difficulty attending it, particularly with horses; the usual road being that by Hayfield and Chapel in the Frith. They had furnished themselves with a guide, without which it would be impossible for those unacquainted with the country to find their road. As we found our companions sensible, agreeable, and intelligent, and were besides fond of any adventures that bore the appearance of singularity, we were very easily persuaded to relinquish our first formed project, and change our route, determined altogether to brave the perils attendant on the journey before us, should we even, in those solitary glens, have to encounter "Gorgons, or Hydras, or Chimeras dire." Having made a hearty repast, we set out in good spirits upon our quixotic expedition, entirely at the mercy of our guide. He was one of the hardy race of the mountaineers, and so accustomed to those hilly regions, that he ran almost the whole way, which was about sixteen miles, without discovering the least symptoms of fatigue or want of breath.

It is impossible for any description to convey to your mind an adequate idea of the scenes through which we passed. The path was, for three or four miles, to be distinguished, and was tolerably good, being mostly in the vallies, which were bordered on each side with vast mountains. The road was then for some miles so rugged, that we were frequently obliged to alight and lead our horses, which with much difficulty and danger could pick their steps, particularly in descending the declivity. Our fatigue and apprehensions were, however, amply recompensed by the wonderful prospects that incessantly presented themselves on every side, with continual changes of scenery, and, if possible, more majestic at every variation. We rode upwards of seven miles through a district called the Woodlands, without seeing a living soul, or any appearance of human dwellings; passed near a valley, called the Devil's Ditch; saw about two miles distant the mountain called Kindar Scoud, supposed to be the highest in the Peak. A Mr. Grand, who is steward to the Duke of Devonshire, resides in a most sequestered situation among the mountains, to whose house the access must be very difficult. He is a considerable breeder of sheep, which find ex-

cellent pasturage upon the mountains. At last, after much fatigue, we entered a fine extensive valley, called Hopedale, in which the village of Hope is situated, about a mile from Castletown, at which place we arrived about six in the evening. We made choice of the Castle Inn, which had the most reputable appearance; but it was with some difficulty that we procured admission and accommodations, the whole town and every public-house in it being crowded with people, who had assembled to the wakes. The place was all in an uproar, but we fortunately got possession of a little back room, whither we could retire from the noise of bagpipes, fiddling, and dancing, with which we had the prospect of being serenaded the whole night. We drank tea, and then took a walk up to the old castle, which stands upon the verge of the hill, just over the entrance into the cave. The walls are of prodigious thickness, and, on account of its situation, it must formerly have been a place of great strength. Tradition, as well as those who have described the antiquities of Derbyshire, has been silent respecting its origin. Evident traces of Roman architecture are to be met with in it. There are remains of a winding stone staircase, that led to the top of the tower; but time has made such ravages upon the steps, that there is no possibility of ascending; so that the owls and bats which inhabit the summit, live totally unmolested. We had from the castle a beautiful prospect of the town and valley below. The latter forms a plain, nearly flat, the extent of which is two miles by three. The mountains rise on all sides very abruptly, except towards Sheffield, where they appear more gradual.

We then returned to our inn, where, having refreshed and rested ourselves, we unanimously agreed to a proposal made of visiting the Peak Hole that evening, which would enable us to set off sooner the next morning. Mr. Harris having some acquaintance with one of the guides, we sent for him, bargained about the expence, and settled our plan. He undertook to engage the singers, as also the man who makes the explosion at the extremity of the cave, we being determined to see and hear every thing curious. Having fortified our stomachs with a little brandy against the pernicious effects of damps and vapours, and furnished ourselves with a bottle of the same, for further use, we entered the gloomy regions, each with a lighted candle in his hand. The cave, on the first entrance, forms a regular arch, allowing for several protuberances of the rocks, of 42 feet high and 120 feet wide. Over this the rocks rise quite perpendicular, some to the height of 250 feet. The first entrance is made use of for spinning cord, as it is well sheltered, and admits a sufficiency of light for that purpose. At the distance of about fifty yards from the first entrance, you come to a small door, which opens to what may properly be called the commencement of the cavern. We found the waters remarkably low, and the place very clean and dry. On first entering, we were obliged to stoop for some yards, but were presently eased of that trouble on arriving at

what is called the Bell House; a mark is then shewn you on the side, about five feet high, to which the waters frequently rise in winter, and totally prevent any access. The river soon appeared over which we were to be ferried. Our companion, Harris, who is an acute observer, discovered, the last time he was here, that the bank which supports the water, is artificial, and contrived purposely to render the subterranean excursion of more importance and expence to the traveller. He humorously hinted his discovery to his conductor at the time, who did not deny it, but requested he might be silent on the subject, as it put a little money in their pockets. I examined the place particularly, and was well convinced that the bank was the work of art. However, as I look upon the boat-adventure to be the most agreeable part of the whole business, I would by no means wish that it might be demolished, nor grudge the guide a reasonable recompence for his trouble. The boat in which you make this eccentric voyage is flat-bottomed and about a foot deep, so that some precaution is necessary at stepping in, and afterwards placing yourself to preserve a proper equilibrium. The passengers must lie flat upon their backs, or if they prefer it, on their faces. Any person having the misfortune of a nose eighteen or twenty inches long, would run much risk of receiving some damage at the extremity, as the rocks hang over at nearly that distance from the boat. The bottom is covered with clean dry straw, so that you may lie down very comfortably, and were the passage of sufficient length, might enjoy a refreshing nap. As we approached the opposite shore, the appearance of our companions standing there with candles in their hands, awaiting our arrival, naturally suggested the idea of being ferried over the Styx by Charon into the doleful regions of Pluto, of which, according to the description given us, this place exhibits a tolerable resemblance.

Well, after congratulating each other on our safe landing, we marched on, and arrived at Roger Rain's house, so called from a regular and continued shower of rain that filtrates through the rocks, and falls without any intermission in summer and winter. The next place that interests the attention of the visitor is the Chancel, an opening of very considerable height and dimensions. In this, at an elevation of 57 feet, is the Orchestra, the ascent to which is steep and slippery: here the singers place themselves, and the echo of the voices is truly astonishing. We had three or four young geniuses who bawled for us, for singing it could hardly be called with propriety. We afterwards understood the reason of their performances being so indifferent: having made use of a bottle of rum, the cost of which they thought to impose upon us, and having drunk more than sufficient before, the effects of that totally deprived them of the small powers of execution that were left. What we heard gave us, however, an idea of what must be the effect of good singing, considerably improved by the wonderful echo. One of our company having a German flute with him, played several tunes, among others, 'God save the King,'

&c. and finding ourselves full of good-will and loyalty to our sovereign, we accompanied it with our voices. This made some recompence for the disappointment we had met with in the performance of our young choristers, who were better suited for bed at the time, than for the task they had undertaken.

Having fully satisfied our curiosity by the surprising echoes of every possible noise we were able to invent, among the rest, the mewing of cats, &c. we went on to the Devil's Cellar. I do not intend to inform you how it obtained its name, because I really do not know. It may perhaps have originated from a visit paid by the old gentleman with his cloven feet. Indeed, I have never seen a spot more suitable, if ever he wants to place himself so as to listen unobserved to what is going forward in our world, but more particularly at Castletown. I think we must here introduce part of the Scotchman's prayer: "Frae the pope's laws and the deel's claws, gued Loord, delier us." Amen.—As we had taken a bottle of brandy and a glass tumbler with us, we made a most refreshing draught with that and some excellent water, which runs through the cavern as clear as crystal, and accompanied it with a pipe of tobacco, which is undoubtedly a good antidote against the effects of foul air. After a gradual descent of 150 feet further, the path being by the side of the stream, we arrived at the Half-way House; and at some small distance were shewn three regularly formed arches, at a considerable distance from each other, that extended across the cavern, and seemed to support the roof. An injunction of total silence is generally laid upon the company here, and by listening attentively, you hear very distinctly a noise resembling that occasioned by a distant cascade.

The next adventure that occurs, is your being carried over the river, which crosses the cavern, on the shoulders of your guide. Those who do not choose to run the hazard of cold-bathing by being thrown off, may at some small distance pick their steps over the water, with no more risk than that of wet feet. When I was there some years ago, my guide informed me, that, not long before, Lord North, with a company of other gentlemen, had visited the place. His lordship is well known to be a person of very considerable weight and dimensions, and could not by any means be persuaded to venture himself over on a man's shoulders, choosing rather to stay behind, and wait the return of his company. There is, however, no hazard, for those who carry you over are sure-footed, and so well accustomed to the business, that notwithstanding there is an uneven bottom, they seldom, if ever, set down their load before the time. Going on a little farther, we were shewn the hanging rock, which is of a considerable size and suspended from the roof. This, as well as many other of the same composition, are petrefactions, which in process of time have been increased to their present bulk. Soon after this you arrive at the Tom of Lincoln, a circular cavity resembling a large bell in shape. At last we reach the ex-

tremity, as far as we could walk on dry ground, for the rock has been blown away about twenty yards farther, in hopes of finding the supposed communication between this and another hole at a considerable distance, where the river that runs through the cavern falls into the ground above and is lost. An expedient tried some years ago with a sack of chaff, has confirmed the supposition, for it found its way into the Peak Hole; so that there is undoubtedly a channel, if not another cave, through which the water runs. The last curiosity which remained was the explosion with gunpowder: the rock had been bored and charged before our arrival: we were desired to retire about twenty yards from the spot, when it was let off with a report that almost stunned our ears; the sound was reverberated from different parts of the cavern with increased violence, and seemed like a long and continued clap of thunder. Staying till all had subsided, we turned about, hoping to revisit our fellow-creatures upon earth.

Having determined to leave no part unexplored, we went on our return up to the Orchestra, whence it is frightful to look down into the gulph below. Near to this, a small cave branches out to the extent of about twenty yards. Some of our company went in to the end, but as one is obliged to stoop almost double, I declined it, having already had sufficient fatigue. There are many of those smaller caves in the lower part, but they are generally filled with mud, which is brought in by the waters every season in great abundance. Our guide related a circumstance to us, that happened when his wife was a child. She with some companions straggled into the cavern, and it being quite dark, they lost themselves and could not find their way out again. They were soon missing, and, after thirteen hours search, were found up to their necks in mud, and almost dead, but were happily restored.

About half-past ten we finished our expedition, and on coming out received a salute from the owls, who have their haunts in the old castle and rocks above. A comfortable supper waited for us at the inn, for which we were well prepared. We then retired to rest, which was rendered very sweet by the fatigue of the day.

I think, my dear friend, I have given you enough to ruminate upon till you hear from me again, which will probably be by the next post. It is very customary for correspondents to make apologies for the length of very short letters, which they seem to be very apprehensive will exhaust the patience of the reader. This is supposing them to possess but a very small stock indeed of that valuable commodity. They are in general, however, but empty, unmeaning compliments, and may as well be omitted. Dr. Johnson said, that a short letter to a friend at a distance is an affront. Now you know the doctor was a man of the most profound learning, and has said many curious things in his life-time. The natural conclusion to be drawn from these premises, is, that one ought to write a long one, supposing that it is only about a cock and a bull. Now this I have done, but should my epistle seem rather tedious to you,

let the apology which an Irishman (a countryman of mine) made on a similar occasion, suffice, namely, "If I had time, my dear honey, I would have made it shorter;" and so, my dear honey, farewell, till you will be after hearing again from

Your's, &c.

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# THOUGHTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION, MARRIAGE, AND DOWRY.

*By* Augustus von Kotzebue.

Many years ago an honest Frenchman wrote a book on *Marriage* and the *Dowry* of the bride, where, among other things, he draws the following picture, to which we shall find among ourselves abundance of originals.

"What a wretched education do the daughters of the rich in general receive! *Money makes amends for every thing!* is the maxim instilled into them from their tenderest years, if not by words, at least by deeds. If teachers are provided for such a female, the music-master, and above all the dancing-master, are sure of a kind reception; but those who should form her heart and understanding only tire and disgust. What need has she of instruction? has she not plenty of money? is not this often enough repeated to her by her maid, and not rarely even by her mother? and has not Nature herself sufficiently endowed her with genius?—If a malicious sally escapes her, all about her laugh till they are ready to split their sides at her wit. Does she say something absurd, it is termed *natural, unaffected.*—Dressing, dancing, thrumming a musical instrument, and novel-reading, are her only occupations; for, thanks to those charming productions, she has at least learned to read. Thus accomplished, she enters into the married state. Her house becomes a temple of luxury and fashion. She pours forth gold in a hundred streams. If her husband presumes to make the slightest remark, she laughs outright in his face. 'What are you thinking of, my dear? why disturb yourself about such trifles? This shawl cost only a hundred guineas; the little countess gave two hundred for one, but I am economical.'

"To prove to her husband that she possesses talents, she spends all her nights at balls. Woe betide him, if he entreats her to give up dancing for half an hour, for the sake of her health, or to return home before it is broad day-light! For a game at quadrille she would risk her life. Does he shew that he is in earnest, she has tears and convulsions at her command. If he cares not for these, he is a tyrant. She sits weeping in the boudoir. A young coxcomb enters, and throws himself at her feet:—'Heavens! Madam, you weep! what monster can have given pain to such an angel?'—'My husband,' she replies, and is long unable to articulate another word for sobbing. The coxcomb mingles his tears with hers; her heart opens; the cruel, the atrocious husband is abused, condemned; the coxcomb administers comfort; her face brightens

up. The husband suffers awhile in silence; at length he too seeks consolation in the arms of some kind female. The frail ties of decorum (for modesty she never knew) are completely broken, and appearances are disregarded in despite of the opinion of the world.

"The winged years are at length succeeded by those on crutches. Youth is gone, and beauty along with it. The large fortune is dissipated. It is absolutely necessary to retrench, to stay at home, and that *alone!* What is to be done? Dance and dress, for what else has she learned? The wretched couple now sit opposite to one another in sullen silence, or if they open their lips, it is for the purpose of mutual reproach. This produces aversion and hatred in addition to the contempt which they have long reciprocally cherished. Depraved children, who perhaps have nothing of the father about them but the name, lead him not back to their mother. They are well aware of the wretched footing on which their parents live, or if they have not perceived it, there are servants officious enough to direct their attention to the subject. Thus their hearts are early poisoned. They grow up, pity their father, despise their mother, or if they are more attached to the latter, they look upon the former as a tyrant. An aversion to matrimony springs up in their youthful hearts; they become selfish bachelors or bad husbands."

This picture is delineated with strong, perhaps too harsh colours; it is, nevertheless, true, that the education of the daughters of the rich in general resembles a scaffold run up of wood, and gaudily painted, for the shew of a single day. It stands perhaps a whole summer. The first storm, the first shower overthrow and wash it bare. Of all the rich young women with whom I had ever more than a slight acquaintance, there was but one who had so richly adorned her mind, and so carefully cultivated the tender affections, that, even without beauty and without wealth, she would have been the joy of the poorest parents, the felicity of the most indigent husband.

In order then to banish all these terrible evils for ever from the world and the married state, the author proposes an expedient, which he considers as the only and likewise an infallible remedy. He calls the attention of legislators to the subject, and recommends the following laws:—

1. Upon no pretext whatever shall it henceforth be permitted to assign any portion to daughters. The bridegroom shall give the bride every thing, even the dress in which he receives her hand.

2. Daughters shall be incapable of inheriting property. At most, those who remain unmarried may be allowed an annuity.

3. It shall not be lawful for them to accept either presents or bequests; or at least they shall return them when they marry.

4. Widows also shall enjoy nothing more than an annuity, which shall drop when they contract a second marriage.

In the writer's opinion the natural result of these regulations would be, that young females would endeavour to heighten their personal charms with those of the soul alone;

and that men would never be so base as to marry for money. Happy marriages he considers as the infallible consequence of these laws; at least, many such could not fail to be produced by them. Perhaps it would even be still better if we adopted the practice of many nations, among whom the bridegroom is obliged to purchase his bride of her parents. Many a youth, who but for this would be indolent and prodigal, would become industrious and careful, that he might save enough to buy the object of his choice.

It should be observed, that in Esthonia the writer's wishes have long been, at least in part, fulfilled; and he would rejoice to find in the many happy marriages there a confirmation of his principle. In that country the sisters can inherit only half as much as their brothers, and even the worth of that half is in general very much reduced by the low value set upon the property which is kept by the brothers. The parents, nevertheless, imagine that they love their daughters with the same affection as their sons.

## THE INCOGNITA.

(A TRUE STORY).

I love a story in print, or a life, for then we are sure they are true.——SHAKSPEARE.

AS Sir George Wildair was footing down "*I'll go no more to your Town,*" with a sprightly step, to which he was excited by the alacrity of his lovely partner, and the last bottle of Escudier's best Champagne, his eyes frequently wandered from the searching looks of Lady Caroline, which darted through a gipsey *mask,* to a distant form of symmetry itself, of which he, ever and anon, caught a glimpse as the figure occasionally *set to* him, and vanished in *lead outsides* or *chain poussette:* at length he approached nearer to the stranger; he was fortunate enough, at *hands three* round, to touch the finger of his fair inamorata, which he involuntarily pressed: but he soon lost her in the finishing of the figure, and saw her, it is true, but it was at the bottom of twenty couple. It was impossible, as yet, to quit his partner, to whom, of a sudden, he became totally inattentive, and, had she not clapped her hand for a *quicker time,* he would probably have forgotten Lady Caroline, to whose plenitude of charms he had not long before been a most humble adorer.

The dance being concluded, he was relieved from a task that was now irksome to him, and, under pretence of seeking for an ice to cool that bosom which no small portion of jealousy inflamed, he left Lady Caroline for the requested purpose, but really to seek the fair unknown. He wandered from room to room, but in vain; he saw her not. The fumes of Champagne had evaporated, the sensation of violent joy had subsided in depression, but still the fair incognita's image swam before him, and vexation was visible in his countenance, because he could not behold her once more.—"Cursed

foolery!" he exclaimed. As he was returning disappointed to the company, he heard the tuning of instruments, preparatory to another dance. He saw the glare of lights through the intervening loggias; and hastening forward, he struck to the right, instead of his left hand: he found himself in a fantastic *boudoir*, fitted up in what is termed the Gothic style, and Gothic indeed was its design. At the end of this apartment was a large window of stained glass; it was the only opening at which the rays of the moon were allowed to penetrate, unobstructed by artificial light. She seemed to avail herself most powerfully of this licence, for her full orb illumined the whole oratory. One or two tired or half inebriated sons of pleasure were lounging on the *councillors;* and he was cursorily regarding the place, when his eyes struck on a recess, where he beheld seated, and apparently overcome with heat, the object of his search. A man who sat behind her, was fanning her with her mask; and the smile which played on her face, shewed, that this humble attempt at refreshing her was gratefully accepted. Her companion rose at her request; he opened the painted lattice; she threw herself backward, and displayed her face, her shoulders, and the finest of necks, as if to enjoy the full influence of the reviving power of the air. Sir George wrapped his domino round him, and concealing his face with his vizor, contemplated her person unobserved: he ran over one of the finest countenances ever formed by nature; her forehead, visible to his sight as the zephyrs parted her flaxen curls, was of dazzling whiteness; an eye of heavenly blue lighted up a countenance of angelic sweetness; while her lips never parted, except to shew teeth of ivory, or never closed, but to display a smile of unaffected fascination.—"Angel goddess! or by what other name shall I call thee?" aspirated Sir George to himself. He then cursed the intruder who sat by, and whose officious services she seemed to accept with delight. Her judgment, he thought, might have taught her to have selected him in preference for her cicisbeo. He was devising some expedient to accost her, but while making an essay to compliment her face, she covered it with her mask; and he was about to address her on her figure, when some one struck him on the shoulder, and, in the imitative tone of a Braham, sung,

> "Is it for love? is it for woe?
> "Love is not joy, sweet maid."

"Why, Sir George," continued the familiar, "what part art studying now?—If the Apollo of Belvidere, I approve of the arrangement of your drapery; but, by the bend in your head, and the projection of your knee, I should rather suppose you were enacting the Venus de Medici; you look the character wonderfully!!!" Sir George affected to join in his friend's laugh; and, assuming a careless air, enquired of Dorimant the name of the lovely creature who was sitting in the niche with the *fellow* in the scarlet domino. But Dorimant might be hung if he knew; and winding round his face while telling some uncommonly good joke that happened to a friend

of his, he prevented Sir George, at every turn, from seeing the only object he was then desirous of beholding. When the story was finished, Sir George's eyes returned to the niche, to view his charmer once more; but the lady had withdrawn, and left him to pursue his cogitations. In vain he enquired of the Marchioness of I—k, who gave the entertainment; in vain he solicited the servants to acquaint him to whose party she belonged; he could gain no information;—she had fled, and Sir George left the party, to use his own phrase, in "a cursed ill humour." He threw himself into a chair; he submitted to be undressed by his valet without resisting; he retired mechanically to bed, and determined, in sleep, to lose all traces of his vexation. But the fair incognita was present to his waking thoughts: with his eyes and head burning from want of repose, he would think on her no longer. But even while he was making this resolve, some recollected grace became indelibly fixed in his imagination, or some musical sentence of her voice was treasured up in his mind. At length he sunk into a doze; still she was present: a form of loveliness itself flitted before him; an angelic smile invited him to salute her. But he awoke, disappointed and unrefreshed, and rose from his bed with a determination to prosecute his enquiries.

Months glided away; but still the form of the fair unknown was indelibly impressed on his heart. He flew to wine, to procure oblivion: but wine proved no lethean draught for him; it only begat greater impatience to view her, and despair lest he should never again enjoy the gratification. He frequented more evening parties than ever; he strolled whole mornings in the parks; he besieged dress-makers and milliners, and all lounges where females are in the habit of appearing, but to no purpose; and at the theatres and the opera he often imagined that he had attained the accomplishment of his wishes, when a nearer approach dissolved the resemblance, and he would leave the innocent fair with maledictions for raising false hopes, and causing him to scrutinize charms which suffered so much by comparison. Every lady had left town, and Sir George had not found his bird. He flew, with the migratory hosts of fashion, to watering-places, hotter and more dissipated than the London they had just removed from. He visited the *déjeunés*, which Pan laughed to scorn; he danced with shepherdesses in rouge and white lead, and walked with peasants as fine as those in a *ballet*, yet no incognita blessed his sight. He flew to Brighton and Cheltenham, to Harrowgate and Tunbridge, but still the phantom fled him. He then returned to town; and, at length, tired of his fruitless search, wrote to his old college chum, Ned Delmore—"I accept, my dear Ned, thy invitation to Norfolk, and will try whether I shall have better luck among the birds in your turnip pieces, than among the *tits* of London."

Martin was ordered to fetch his gun from Nock's, and, on August 28, 1812, Sir George's *Tilbury* started from Bury-street, St. James's, drawn by Peggy and Belisario, *à la tandem*; while Pero was suspend-

ed sulkily in a basket beneath. Nothing of an adventure occurred till nearly arrived at Thetford: while Sir George was practising the bugle, Martin drove against a waggon, and *spilt* his master. The fellow swore he was on his own side. Johnny Raw was eloquent. Martin was warm. Sir George insisted on his servant *serving him out.* Martin had been at school; he put in a hit that *doubled* the countryman and *drove the conceit out of him*, and on they proceeded.

At his friend's house, Sir George drank much wine, and killed few birds: he was obliged always to drink the health of his incognita in a bumper, and Delmore, out of politeness, could not but do the same.

One evening, after the bottle had circulated, as usual, very freely, they joined the ladies: on entering the drawing-room, Sir George saw, as well as two bottles of wine out of the *right bin* would let him, as he conceived, the object of his long search: he rubbed his eyes, his heart beat violently, and, to use his own expression, the phantom completely sobered him.—Let me make an end of a long story. Sir George was convinced it was the lady he was so long in search of: but he found she was only the rector's daughter; he was certain he loved her before he knew who she was, why should he not now?—Philosophers have said, that man is a perverse animal: now Sir George had met with the lady, he felt what he called a *damper.* But Lavinia Lavenbrook was a charming girl; and Sir George, seemingly stimulated more by the love he had borne for her, than what he now felt, offered her marriage. He acknowledged that she was an uncommonly fine creature; and Sir George Wildair was handsome and well bred, with a fortune of £10,000 per annum. The happy day was fixed, and the bridemaids written to.—"Come, my love," wrote Lavinia to her sister, "and aid me with your counsel, your spirits, and your presence, and teach me to lose my liberty without regret." Sir George was in high spirits all the morning of the day appointed for this union. The breakfast was, however, delayed some time, for Ellen Lavenbrook had not yet arrived. She entered the room, and ran to embrace her friends, while Sir George reeled against a chair, and sunk senseless on the floor. The *finale* became serious; the bride was, very properly, wringing her hands; when, at length, Sir George sufficiently recovered to speak to the following effect:—"You see before you the most wretched of men. Some time since, at a masquerade, my heart owned a passion for the most lovely of women, who ever since that night had absented herself from my sight for near a twelvemonth; during which time, until now, her resemblance never visited me. At length in you, dearest Lavinia, I imagined that I recognized those charms which I had never forgotten. Had your sister never appeared, you might have possessed the whole of my affections; but I have been mistaken, and the arrival of Miss Lavenbrook has convinced me, that she, and she only, is the syren that enchanted me at the Marchioness of I—k's masquerade."—Ellen nodded an assent.—"Do with me, how-

ever," continued Sir George, "as you please; if you, Lavinia, can accept a man without those affections which he cannot controul, I am your's." He bowed, and was silent: the pride of Lavinia forbade such an union. Time performed wonders for her; and Sir George left Norfolk for London, where soon after he was rejoined by Ellen Lavenbrook, who is now his wife: while the mother of Lavinia, in boasting of such beautiful twins, has the misfortune to regret, that one child, by this beautiful resemblance, has been to the other the cause of no small disappointment. JOHN.

## LITERARY POLICE OF CHINA.

OUR writers sometimes complain of restraints on the press, obstructions to the circulation of ideas, the severity of *ex-officio* informations and of proceedings in cases of libel; but what would they say if they lived in China? The following circumstance, related by a missionary, will suffice to convince them, how thankful they ought to feel, that it was their lot to be born in Europe.

A man of letters, sixty years of age, lived in retirement in the province of Kiongsi, where he was engaged, merely for his private amusement, in literary pursuits; for he never printed any of his performances. He shewed them, to be sure, to this or the other friend; and in this manner they were seen by one of his enemies, or rather one of those by whom he was envied (for a good writer has, properly speaking, no enemies), and the latter seized the opportunity of ruining the man, whose merit probably eclipsed his own. He gave evidence that the man of letters had presumed to cast reflections on the great dictionary of the Emperor Kanghi; for he had made an extract from it, and even endeavoured to improve some parts of the performance of his imperial majesty: he had finally carried his insolence to the highest pitch, since he had, in defiance of the laws, introduced into a preface the sacred names of Confucius, the emperor and his ancestors.

On this heavy charge the old man was summoned before the tribunal, where he boldly defended himself. He was, nevertheless, found guilty of high treason, especially as, being a scholar, he could not help knowing the laws and customs of the country, so that he had not transgressed from ignorance. In vain he represented, that his writings were not intended for the press: the following sentence was passed upon him:—

"The criminal shall be torn in pieces, and his property confiscated. All his relations above the age of sixteen years shall die. His wives, concubines, and children under sixteen, shall be delivered over as slaves to one of the grandees."

This sentence, which cannot but appear most unreasonable to an European, was as usual sent for confirmation to the emperor, and the monarch decreed as follows: —"I will have mercy on the cul-

prit in regard to the manner of his death: he shall not be torn in pieces, but only beheaded. I pardon his distant relations. His sons shall be reserved for the great executions next autumn. For the rest, let the law take its course."

Thus not only one single inconsiderate word against the government is punished with death in China; not only is it a capital crime to have merely read a book in which any such thing occurs; but even the most insignificant innovations in literature are dragged into the courts of justice, and before the tribunal of the emperor, where they are not only severely reviewed, as in London and Edinburgh, but must be atoned for by the blood of their authors. The emperor mentioned above was, nevertheless, one of the mildest and most enlightened of monarchs, who, according to the report of the missionary, planned a literary monument which would have conferred honour on the greatest princes of any age. He conceived the design of collecting all the good books in China, either in print or manuscript, and publishing them in one uniform series. On this subject, however, the honest missionary appears to have been rather credulous; for he assures us, that the collection amounted to no fewer than *six hundred thousand* volumes, all of which were to be printed in the presses of the imperial palace. What an establishment must that be! Supposing it could accomplish six volumes a day, still there would be work sufficient for near three hundred years!

## THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

### No. XXX.

**Who shall decide when doctors disagree?**

It must have been observed by my readers, that I studiously avoid, in my own lucubrations, all subjects of a political tendency; nor do I suffer any communications on topics of public discussion, to find a place in my columns. Indeed, I have reason to believe, from certain little angry notes which I occasionally find upon my table, that much offence has been given to my political correspondents, by the decided inattention I have discovered to their disquisitions. But they do not come within my plan, which is merely to improve the mind and mend the heart; in which I have sure, safe, and unerring guides, in the unalterable rules of right and wrong, in the known principles of justice, the relative duties of social life, and the general and universally acknowledged injunctions of religion. These are matters which all understand, and in which all possess a coincidence of opinion and sentiment. Without observing upon those crimes whose character appears to be stamped with their due enormity by the laws of every civilized society, I shall just remark, that fraud and falsehood, however employed, or under whatever covering they may

be exercised, bear but one denomination; while truth and integrity can have but one definition as to their genuine operations and tendencies. Here then are standards which cannot fail, and whereby the moral duties and decorums of life may be ascertained. The moralist, therefore, has nothing to do but to state them clearly; to support them forcibly; to contrast them with opposing propensities and inclinations; and, as circumstances may require, to enliven them with figure and with fancy, to invigorate opinion and animate illustration.

Thus the moral instructor may proceed in the noiseless path of his duty with the certainty of having acted right, and without encountering the annoyances of angry disputation or surly contest, which too often disgrace and trouble the society of politicians.

After these observations, it may appear very inconsistent, were I to introduce a political correspondent to my readers: this, however, I shall take the liberty of doing, from the following motives:—First, as it will strengthen my sentiments as to the difficulty of forming an union of political opinions;—secondly, as the proposition of Mr. Meanwell, though not entirely original, is of a curious character;—and, thirdly, as he appears to be a very loyal subject, and coolly and calmly bent on employing his understanding and leisure hours, actively and laudably, if not always successfully, in the service of his country.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

*Sir,*

Having had a tolerable education, possessing a comfortable, independent fortune, and being blessed with a quiet, amiable, submissive wife, who has not brought me any children, it is almost unnecessary for me to add, that I lead the kind of life which suits my fancy, and have no justifiable cause of complaint in the situation in which it has pleased Providence to place me. I am not of a very active disposition, nor shall I accuse myself of indolent habits. I am far from being unacquainted with the general grounds of common knowledge; at the same time, I do not feel myself equal to associate with men of learning or of science: I have, therefore, turned my thoughts to politics; and as it appears that so many very ignorant people have made a figure in that branch of knowledge, my vanity induced me to hope, that, with such qualifications as I possessed, I might acquire, in the circle of my society, and perhaps to a still more enlarged extent, some degree of eminence as a politician. I accordingly hung my room with maps, collected the best geographical dictionaries, read pamphlets, took in the most popular reviews, perused the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle* daily, frequented some of the first booksellers' shops, and occasionally obtained admission to hear a debate in one or other of the Houses of Parliament.

Thus I bore my part respectably enough in the general societies which I frequented; but my principal ambition was, to take the lead at a meeting which has been instituted by several gentlemen politicians, who meet weekly, not at a public-house, but at each other's houses, and have denominated themselves the *Domestic In-*

*stitute.* It consists of a dinner, and eleven o'clock is the latest hour allowed to its continuance. We are in a rank of life which commands the most perfect urbanity; and though we are of different parties, and consequently influenced by different principles, our differences produce nothing more than an occasional increase of vociferation; they never rise into a breach of decorum. The master of the house where the meeting is held, and who of course provides the entertainment, is the president of the day, with all the rights, powers, and privileges usually attached to that office.

As I happen to be rather better acquainted with the Greek and Roman history than the rest of the party, I sometimes obtain a decided advantage by the readiness of my quotations. A few weeks ago, my superiority was not only evident, but acknowledged by them all, from a comparison I drew between General Wolfe and Epaminondas, who were both illustrious for their talents and their virtues; who both fell on the field of battle and in the arms of victory; the one at Quebec, in Canada, and the other near Mantinea, a town in the southern part of Arcadia, on the confines of Laconia.

But to come to the particular object of this letter. In the present situation of Europe, of which Great Britain forms such a distinguished and preponderating part, the nature of her conduct, the points to which she should direct her views, and the means she possesses of effecting her objects, occasion no small difference of opinion in our society: but there is one thing in which we all entertain a perfect agreement—it is this:—that whatever arrangements are made, or plans devised, for the general purpose of maintaining our national character, or forwarding the important object of a general settlement between the European powers, our resources must be applied to, in order that we may be enabled to keep our energies in such a state of activity as to preserve our preponderance, in whatever way the wisdom of government may think the best to enforce it. Why we want ways and means, is well known to us all. That question, as the Politician in the *Rehearsal* says, answers itself: but the *quomodo*, the how they are to be raised with the least possible inconvenience to the people at large, is a subject well worthy the consideration of every lover of his country.

The difficulty of devising new taxes has been acknowledged from the highest authority: the Chancellor of the Exchequer appears to have had that unwelcome truth wrung from him in his ministerial capacity, when addressing Parliament on the financial state of the nation. I cannot, therefore, refuse to our society the praise due to good intentions, when I make known a mode of raising money, which, though it may not have escaped the researches of financial projectors, has not, to my knowledge, ever found its way to the cabinet of a First Lord of the Treasury. The object of taxation which I have to propose is an article in which every body deals, from the highest to the lowest ranks of society, according to their

modes, habits, and education. Besides, it is a commodity that can never fail, as it arises out of the daily and ever flowing current of conversation. I mean, Mr. Spectator, a tax upon *wit*; including, of course, every kind of humorous expression, lively sally, brilliant allusion, or ridiculous fancy, which creates mirth, good humour, and laughter in the social circles.

I am well aware, that very weighty objections will be made, as to the practicability of levying this duty: and the difficulties which may be suggested on that point have not escaped the observation of our society, nor been passed by without becoming the topics of very grave, acute, and successive deliberations. I shall, therefore, state some general ideas of the plan I propose, to render this tax productive, certain, and of easy collection; and if I should find that it is fairly and candidly received by the public, I will then submit the whole of the scheme, with its classifications, definitions, rates, and arrangements, for the consideration and improvement of the financial department of the state.

In the first place, an office must be established for the reception of this tax, where all monies arising from it are to be paid, and where proper receipts will be issued for the same.—2. All presidents of societies; chairmen at public meetings of every kind, convivial, political, or literary; stewards at the dinners of public charities, horse-races, returning officers at elections, &c. &c. shall be obliged, under a certain penalty, and within a specified time, to certify the number of *good things* that have been uttered and by whom at every meeting where they have presided; in person, if these meetings are held in the metropolis or within ten miles thereof; and beyond that distance, by the post. In companies consisting of more than twelve persons, the president, chairman, &c. may appoint one or more persons to collect and communicate the wit to the presiding person. The lord mayor, for example, may always name his chaplain to this office.

But as wit is continually flowing in private society, in the public walks, and in flying ebullitions among passengers in the streets, when those who utter it are more conscious of its reality than those who hear it, every person who thinks and believes that he has said a clever thing, may, if he is patriotically disposed, deliver it into the office, and pay the tax without any further trouble. But as many, through modesty, may not chuse to appear as sounding their own praises, all informations should be received against such as are ashamed of being thought witty; and, for the first time, the character of an informer, who thus assists the finances of his country, and adds to the reputation of his friends and acquaintance, will be considered with regard and respect. If, however, it should be objected by certain persons of very brilliant fancies, and who enliven every society to which they are admitted, that they must be silent, or otherwise overwhelmed with taxation, it is proposed, that they should, at a regulated payment, be permitted to obtain a qualification to be witty, without being subject to any further demands. Thus, on every

quarter day, they may purchase the permission to dispense mirth and merriment, as the attornies take out licences every term to disseminate misery and mischief.

I should also propose a court of appeal, to determine on the various clever things, witticisms, &c. which have been presented at the inferior office of taxation: so that no one may be obliged to pay for words he never uttered, meanings he never had, or thoughts he never expressed; and that if he said a foolish thing, he is not to be made to pay as if he had uttered a wise one. Besides, if a man should say a good thing by accident, he ought not to become amenable for it, if he chuses to set up that plea, any more than the being liable to punishment for an injury to another, which was done without design or malicious intention. Besides, a court of this kind will determine what is wit and what is not. Oaths are thought wit by some, and indecency by others; nay, I am afraid that there are meetings where blasphemy may be thought to claim that character. The clever thing said at a country corporation dinner, a contested election, the Jockey Club, the Society of Antiquaries, a parish meeting, or a four-in-hand club, the Green Rooms at the theatres, or a royal academical council, &c. would be of so many distinct species, and their qualities could be determined by referring to the persons by whom, and the places where, they were uttered.

By way of example, I was informed by one of our society, who had been lately present at a grand dinner of the Fishmongers' Company, that one of the members of it expressed his hopes that the health of the *Dutch Peer* would be drunk with *three times three.* This expression of the gentleman, it seems, occasioned something of a more than common titter all around him: but as others did not exactly understand what he meant by a *Dutch Peer*, he replied, with a look of surprise and a tone of some displeasure, the noble lord who had that day honoured the Fishmongers' Company with his presence. In short, by the *Dutch Peer* he meant Lord *Holland.* The laugh was now universal at the lower end of the table; which, on the joke being handed up, was echoed at the upper end of it: the noble lord himself also joined heartily in the laugh, and Mr. Prime Warden's chair shook under him, from the convulsions into which this merry idea had thrown him.

If we are to judge by its effects, this curious play upon words, which proceeded from the lively imagination of a hatter on Fishstreet-hill, may be considered as an ebullition of wit; but, if examined by classical principles, would, I think, be exempted from paying the tax.

I cannot, however, help thinking, that such a financial operation would be attended with the following beneficial effects:—It would indulge innocent vanity, check affectation and impertinence, promote the cultivation of genuine wit, and assist the funds of the Exchequer.

It is said, that a certain emperor (you must perceive, Mr. Spectator, that I have some small share of reading,) offered a reward to any one who would employ his imagination to invent a new pleasure: how much then is due to him who

discovers a new, easy, and practicable tax, which, so far from applying to the necessaries of life, is made to spring from and augment the hilarities of it. But I look for no other reward than the consciousness of having rendered my thoughts and leisure hours, as well as my very amusements, subservient to the good of my country.

By the bye, I must beg leave to inform you, that, though our society has been of one mind as to the general notion of the scheme which I have unfolded to you, we have had a very active and rather impetuous debate, which lasted to the allotted time of our departure, and may probably be renewed at our next meeting, on the very important question, whether a *pun* can be allowably considered, in any of its shapes, modifications, or applications, as a witticism; and, of course, whether it would be taxable: for, if so, the impost upon them must be by the gross. Perhaps you will be so good as to favour us with your opinion, which we shall all consider as an obligation, and particularly your obedient, humble servant,

ALEXANDER MEANWELL.

CAMDEN-TOWN, Aug. 20, 1813.

## ON COMMERCE.

### No. XXXIV.

THE Abbé Raynal, speaking of some persons who were for abandoning the Islands of France and Bourbon, on account of the annual expence to the mother country in supporting them, says, "This indeed would be the scheme most expedient to be adopted, if we considered only the languishing trade now carried on by the French in India: but political speculations reach beyond this object; it is foreseen, that if this resolution was adopted, the English would drive all foreign nations from the Asiatic seas; that they would appropriate to themselves all the riches of these extensive regions; and that so many powerful resources united in their hands, would give them a dangerous influence in Europe." We have made a longer extract from the work of this sagacious and learned Frenchman, than we at first intended; but his observations on the importance of these islands to France, were so much in unison with our own, that we could not forbear; but those that follow we shall shorten in proportion.

Mons. Cossigny, who was governor here in 1791, says, "The Isle of France, from its two ports, the one to windward and the other to leeward of the island, will become the mother of the colonies which France ought to establish in the East Indies, if she is anxious to increase her commerce and her power." Further on he continues, by saying, "Mons. Bourdonnais, that great man, that great general, mariner, administrator, merchant, and agriculturist, whose knowledge of it was the result of several years passed in the government of it, considered the Isle of France as the key of the Indian commerce of his nation, as the bulwark of its settlements in Asia, and as the

means of future conquests. His object was to make it the entrepôt of the Indian commerce, and a place of arms for its land and sea forces." He cites the author of *The Philosophical History*, who says, "Were it not for the Isle of France, the French settlements in India could not be protected."

Captain Munroe, in his observations on this island, says, "The French have judiciously chosen this settlement as the chief residence of their Eastern government; for it is to them what Batavia is to the Dutch."—Admiral Kempenfelt says of it, "Mons. Bourdonnais has transformed a desert island into a flourishing colony; and I have every reason to believe, that this port will give the French a decided advantage over us in India."

Thus we see the estimation in which this island was held, not only by the nation which possessed it, but by two of our own countrymen, who speak from having been there in person, and not from hearsay. Its importance being thus established, it remains for us to enquire, why it was permitted to annoy us so materially, as it hath done, in every war in which we have been engaged with the French nation? Be it remembered, and that seriously, that it was in this very island that the justly celebrated Mons. Bourdonnais, their governor, fitted out that squadron, with which he may be said to have driven our fleet from the coast of Coromandel, and captured Madras, in 1746. Suffrein also derived all his strength from this place, after his contest with Commodore Johnstone at Port Praya; and which afterwards enabled him to cope with Sir Edward Hughes in 1782. The mischief that has been done to our trade in the Indian seas by the privateers and cruizers from this quarter, since the last-mentioned period, and more especially during the present war, must be fresh in every one's memory.

MERCATOR & CO.

## MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

### FRENCH VANITY.

IN the dedication to Mr. Foote of the *Frenchman in London*, the translator says to him, "You remember, when walking once in the Thuilleries, you (by that art peculiar to your own genius) represented a Frenchman to himself. The coxcomb, far from being struck with the ridicule, declared you the only well-bred Englishman he had seen."

### HENRY AND ALMERIA.

*Henry and Almeria*, a tragedy, 1802, certainly smacks of novelty, however execrable the play may be, as the author has made his heroine *break her neck!*

### THE JEWESS AND THE CHRISTIAN.

The wife of Mr. Goldsmid, the celebrated Jew, was one day engaging a Christian female servant for her household: the girl appearing to suit her, was engaged; but on her departure, Mrs. G. exclaimed, "But mind, young woman, we don't *eat like Christians*."—"I am sorry for that, ma'am," said the wench, "then your place *won't suit me*."

NECESSARIES OF LIFE.

*Herminius and Aspasia*, a tragedy, was written in 1754. The author makes a lady say, that friendship is the *wine* of life. Mr. Dennis, long before, assured us, that liberty was the *salt* of life; and the author of the *Tragedy of Tragedies*, says, love is the most poignant *mustard*. Thus, by degrees, we might discover all the articles necessary to the feast of existence, were not poets too little versed in the doctrine of banquets, and therefore liable to mistake in the adoption of sauces.

CHAPELLE.

When the great retire in summer to their country-seats, because it is the fashion, they cannot but frequently be at a loss how to pass their time. The Duke de Brissac, well aware of this, was desirous, on such an occasion, of taking Chapelle, the poet, along with him, and actually prevailed upon him to go. They proceeded together to Angers, where they intended to sleep. It was yet rather early; Chapelle had, in that city, a friend, whom he went to see, and staid with him to supper. Next morning, when the duke was about to pursue his journey, the poet drily declared, that he could not have the honour to accompany him any farther. The duke enquired the reason. Chapelle had found a volume of Plutarch lying on his friend's table, and had accidentally stumbled on the words—*Whoever follows the great, is sure to become a slave.*—"But, good God," rejoined the duke, "do I not treat you as my friend? With me you will be at home." Persuasions were unavailing. Chapelle invariably replied, "It is not my fault; Plutarch says so."

The same poet one day dined with a duke and marshal of France. After they had pushed the glass about pretty freely, they began to make some very serious observations on the miseries of mankind in the present life, and the uncertainty of a future state. They both agreed that it was best to lead a pious life, only they thought it rather hard to be obliged to be good Christians for many successive years, and praised the lot of martyrs, who, by their short sufferings, had secured a place in heaven. Chapelle was suddenly struck with the idea, that they would both do well to go to Turkey, and there preach the Christian religion. "We shall then be seized," said he, "and dragged before the pacha; I will give him a taunting answer, and so will you; I shall be impaled, so shall you, and thus we shall get at once into Paradise."—The marshal was offended at Chapelle because he always mentioned himself first.—"Such a fellow as you," said he, "ought not to forget that I am a duke and marshal of France. *I* shall speak to the pacha, and *I* shall be first impaled."—"What the d—l care I for your dukeship?" stammered Chapelle. The duke instantly sent a plate plump in his face. Chapelle returned the salute by hurling a dish at the head of his illustrious host. The glasses and bottles next flew about the room. They had both already seized their chairs, when some persons entered, and parted the combatants. Every one was curious to learn the cause of the quarrel, and their astonishment was converted into laughter, when they were

informed, that the point in dispute was the honour of being first impaled.

### THE CORNEILLES.

The brothers Peter and Thomas Corneille were natives of Normandy. There they married two sisters, between whom there was the same difference of age as between their husbands. By these matches each had the same number of children. Both families lived in the same house, ate at the same table, and had the same servants. In this manner they passed twenty-five years, during which the brothers never once thought of dividing the fortune of their wives. At length Peter died, which rendered a division of the property unavoidable.

### WITCHES.

When witchcraft was yet in fashion, a Latin treatise appeared in Germany, on the ordeal by water, to which it was common to expose unfortunate wretches suspected of the crime; and the learned author very gravely defended it, on this ground, among others, that it was impossible to ascertain in any other way whether the accused had actually been at the Blocksberg (a mountain in Lower Saxony, the supposed place of rendezvous), as the principal witches never appeared there but in masks. He moreover asserted, that a witch, let her be ever so corpulent, could not weigh more than fifteen pounds.

### O'FLAHARTY.

Never was there such a well-informed historian as O'Flaharty, who has published a chronology of Ireland. He knows for certain, that just forty days before the Deluge, on the 15th of the month, which happened to be Saturday, three men came, with fifty women, to Ireland, to people the country, but the flood disappointed their intentions. Again, 312 years after the Deluge, on the 14th of the month, which was a Tuesday, a man and his wife, with three sons and their wives, arrived to found a new colony. The man's name was Partholan. The author probably had access to his archives.

The same acute and cautious historian has drawn up a genealogy of Charles II. in which there are no fewer than 76 royal generations, and then 48 more up to Adam, all patriarchs and leaders of colonies: so that Seneca must, in this case, be quite wrong, where he says, that there is no king among whose ancestors some slaves are not to be found.

A Spanish bishop, Fandoval, has compiled a pedigree of the House of Austria, of 118 generations, from Adam to Philip III.; and another Spanish writer, Pegeafiel Contreras, a pedigree of the House of Lorraine, of 121 generations: but both are outdone by Mr. O'Flaharty, for neither of them has ventured to bring down from Adam a line composed entirely of kings and princes.

### SINGULAR WILL.

Upwards of a century ago, a peasant in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, made the following will:—"As my bay horse has always served me cheerfully, and never played me any slippery tricks, but evinced his joy whenever I went into the stable; I have loved the said bay horse with all my heart, and better than any other persons or horses: I therefore declare him my heir,

and he shall henceforth be the property of Jacob, my brother's son." This will was, of course, contested. "The testator was evidently out of his senses," observed one. The horse replied, namely, by his counsel, that a man who made a provision, after his death, for what had been dearest to him in the world, certainly shewed more sense than another who should bequeath his property for the building of a church. Another maintained, that an irrational animal could not inherit. The bay horse magnanimously disdaining to reply to the charge of irrationality, answered, that he was only rather inconsiderate, and addicted to profusion, two qualities which likewise characterized the fair sex, who were not on that account excluded from the right of inheriting; it was only customary to appoint trustees for them, and this precaution his deceased benefactor had duly observed, in giving him a trustee in the person of his nephew. He could not have acted with greater judgment and prudence for his own daughter, if he had had one; consequently the will ought by all means to be confirmed. The parliament of Toulouse did actually confirm it, but on different grounds. It presumed, that the peasant, in reality, designed to appoint his nephew Jacob his heir, and had, in his simplicity, merely expressed himself wrong. The wisdom of the parliament was extolled, for the deceased never opened his mouth to contradict its decision.

### ROTROU.

Rotrou, the poet, held a civil office at Dreux, at a time when that town was visited by a contagious disease. His friends at Paris entreated him to consult his safety, by removing to some other place; but he replied, that he could not, in conscience, follow their advice, as his presence was necessary for the preservation of order. He concluded his letter with these words: —"The danger indeed is great, for at the moment that I am writing, the bells are tolling for the twenty-second person that death has this day swept away. They will toll for me too, if it pleases God."

### LA MOTTE.

A nephew of La Motte, the French dramatic writer, examining the papers of his deceased uncle, found the following memorandum: —"To-day I read an English tragedy, in which two young children excite a very lively interest. I will occasionally *invent* something of the kind for the French stage." Soon afterwards he produced his *Ines de Castro*.—How much has in this manner been *invented* by the French!

### RABELAIS.

The Chancellor Duprat caused the privileges of the medical faculty at Montpellier to be abolished by an ordinance of the parliament. Rabelais determined to try whether he could not, by his eloquence, prevail upon the chancellor to repeal the decree. The question was, how to gain access to him; for it was not easy to obtain an interview, and still less on this business. Rabelais hit upon an expedient, which few applicants, indeed, would have been capable of employing. He addressed the porter at the gate of the chancellor's palace in Latin. The man immediately sent for a secretary who un-

derstood Latin, but to him Rabelais spoke Greek; and when a third person, conversant in the Greek language, was fetched, he accosted him in Hebrew. In this manner he went through several other ancient languages. The whole house was soon in motion. The chancellor was told that there was a man at the gate who had the gift of tongues, like the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. He ordered him to be admitted, and Rabelais addressed him with such masculine eloquence in behalf of the rights of his faculty, that he won the chancellor, and gained his point. In memory of this event, his doctor's gown was long held in great honour at Montpellier; and it was worn by every one on the day on which he was admitted to the degree of doctor.

## HIGHGATE ARCHWAY.

The inconveniences and dangers which have, for several centuries, presented themselves to persons travelling the northern road, in ascending the Hill of Highgate, and occasioned the loss of many lives, both of men and cattle, are now likely to be removed by the opening of a new road bearing the above name.

The ancient highway from London to Barnet was from Gray's Inn-lane, by Battle Bridge, through a part of Maiden-lane, and an old Green-lane lying between the latter and the village of Islington, continuing thence in a devious line through Du Val's-lane to Crouch-end, Colney-Hatch, and Whetstone. This road being rendered almost impassable in the winter season, and a great hindrance being thereby occasioned to travellers, a compact was, some five centuries ago, entered into between the county and the Bishop of London, possessor of the land in that neighbourhood, for making a new road over the hill, through the bishop's park, to avoid the miriness of the valley through which the above-mentioned old road had its course. For this indulgence the bishop was permitted to receive a toll at the top of the hill, for which purpose a gate was erected; and this gave rise both to the village of *High-gate* and its name. This toll continues to be received by the Bishop of London and his successors, and is charged only upon waggons, carts, and droves of cattle*.

However accommodating the road over this acclivity might have been at the remote period abovementioned, when there were neither coaches nor waggons, and comparatively but very few travellers, and when pack-horses formed the usual conveyance of wares to and from the metropolis, it has been found, in later times, to be no less an evil, than it was before considered an advantage: wherefore various plans have been suggested at different times, either to lessen the inconvenience, or to remove it altogether.

This desirable object has at

* Nelson's *History and Antiquities of Islington*, 4to. p. 18.

length been effected, to its fullest extent, by the exertions of a set of gentlemen, who associated together for that purpose in the year 1810. To enable them to proceed in their undertaking, an act of Parliament was procured (50th Geo. III.), intituled "An act for making and maintaining a road, partly by an archway, through the east side of Highgate Hill, communicating with the present turnpike-road from London to Barnet, at Upper Holloway, in the parish of St. Mary Islington, and near the brook below the fifth mile-stone in the parish of Hornsey, in the county of Middlesex." By this act the proprietors are constituted a body politic and corporate by the name and style of *The Highgate Archway Company*, with power to purchase lands, &c. and to raise the sum of £40,000, for making and maintaining the said road and archway, by transferable shares of £50 each; and they are further empowered to raise an additional £20,000, should the above sum be found insufficient.

It was the original intention of the company to perforate the hill, and make a road through it by means of a subterraneous tunnel; but this work, after having been proceeded in to the extent of more than a hundred yards, suddenly fell in and destroyed the labour of several months. This obliged them to alter their plan, and have recourse to the only alternative, that of cutting away the hill and making an open road.

The several works attending this undertaking being now nearly finished, the road is intended to be opened for the accommodation of the public in the course of the present month; and will, when complete, present one of the most interesting and agreeable objects in the vicinity of the metropolis. The road, flanked on either side by an immense mound of earth, thrown up from the necessary excavation below, together with the handsome and massive structure forming the archway, and which terminates the view to the passenger either in going from or coming to the metropolis, exhibits a most striking and agreeable *coup d'œil*. The spacious and lofty archway through which the road passes, is formed of stone, flanked with substantial brick-work, and is surmounted by three semi-arches, carrying a bridge wide enough for two carriages. Hornsey-lane, leading from Highgate Hill to Crouch-end and the village of Hornsey, is carried over this bridge, which is formed with an elegant stone balustrade, and embraces a most delightful view of the surrounding country and the city of London; the cathedral of St. Paul forming a very grand and striking object in the landscape*.

The toll intended to be taken on passing through the archway, is four-pence for every horse, whether in saddle or harness, and one-penny for every foot passenger.

* Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, has published a most interesting and striking print of this view.

## Plate 15.—BERKELEY-SQUARE.

This square is distinguished from all the others in the British metropolis by its situation on the side of a hill, which gently slopes from north to south. The houses on the north side are, upon the whole, rather mean; those which form the east and west sides, though many of them, individually, very good buildings, do not, from the want of regularity, appear altogether to such advantage as where greater attention is paid to that point, and where the site is more favourable to it. The fourth side, on the south, is wholly occupied by the stately mansion and gardens of the Marquis of Lansdowne, of which a view and description have already been given in the *Repository*.*

The area, which forms an oblong square, containing about three acres, is inclosed by an iron balustrade; and the inhabitants, after the example of their neighbours, have, of late years, caused it to be planted with trees and shrubs, which have thriven very rapidly, and give a rural air to the whole. In the center, on an elevated pedestal, is an equestrian statue of his present Majesty, by Wilton.

Berkeley-square received its appellation from an ancient mansion belonging to the noble family of that name, which stood on the site of Berkeley-street, the avenue leading from the south-east corner of the square to Piccadilly. Here are the town residences of many families of rank and opulence. Among its present inhabitants, it numbers, Lord Cawdor and Thomas Palmer, Esq. both liberal patrons of the fine arts, and both possessing superb collections of pictures; Sir Humphrey Davy, whose researches and discoveries have extended the limits of the science of chemistry, and reflected credit on himself and his country; Lady Anne Barnard, honourably distinguished for her attachment to botanical pursuits, and who, having accompanied her husband to the Cape of Good Hope, whither he went as governor, brought home a fine collection of exotics, many of which now embellish the royal gardens of Kew; and General Tarleton, well known to the public, from an early period of life, as a soldier and a senator.

* See vol. V. p. 294.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Shoberl is engaged in translating from the German, the recent *Travels of M. von Klaproth in the Caucusus and Georgia*, performed by order of the Russian government. This work will form two quarto volumes, the first of which will speedily be published.

Captain Reissig, of the Imperial Austrian army, has printed in London a small volume of original poems in German, under the title of *Blümchen der Einsamkeit*, Flowerets of Solitude. It consists, as this title implies, of short pieces, chiefly of the sentimental kind;

which prove, that the author has not courted the Muses without success, and will be relished by every lover of poetry who understands the language in which they are written.

Mr. Taylor has circulated proposals for publishing by subscription, *An Investigation of the Mechanical Science and Historical Descent of Architecture in England during the Middle Ages*; ascertaining the derivation of the distinct species of building in which the circular and pointed arch were successively prevalent, by C. Clark, Esq. F. R. S. The work will make a handsome volume in quarto, including about thirty engravings, explanatory of the mechanical properties of Gothic building and historical descent of those elementary particles of which it consists in its finished state.

*Northern Antiquities*, or Tracts designed to illustrate the early History, Poetry, and Romance of the Nations of the North of Europe, are printing in a royal quarto volume.

A selection from the Correspondence of Baron de Grimm, will shortly be published, under the title of *Memoires Historiques, Litteraires, et Anecdotiques, tirés de la Correspondance Philosophique et Critique, addressée au Duc de Saxe-Gotha, depuis 1770 jusqu' en 1792, par le Baron de Grimm et par Diderot, formant un Tableau piquant de la bonne Société de Paris, sous les Regnes de Louis XV. et Louis XVI.*

Mr. Meadley, the biographer of Dr. Paley, has in the press *Memoirs of Algernon Sydney*, collected from various and scattered sources of information; with an Appendix of curious and important documents.

Mr. Luders will shortly give the readers of Shakspeare a *Tract on the Character of Henry the Fifth.*

Mr. G. Riley has in the press *A new Practical Treatise on the Art of Flower-Painting and Drawing with Water Colours*, for the instruction and amusement of young ladies abroad, or those who have not the advantage of a skilful master, embellished with upwards of twenty plates, engraved from original drawings, mostly coloured from real flowers.

Dr. John Moodie, of Bath, has a work nearly ready for publication, on the *Modern Geography of Asia*, in two quarto volumes, with an atlas.

Mr. Thos. Downes will speedily publish, in a quarto volume, *A copious Index to Pennant's Account of London*, containing the names of every person and place mentioned, with references to every circumstance of note.

*A Picturesque Journey to the North Cape*, by A. K. Skioldebrand, translated from the French, will shortly appear, in an octavo volume.

A lady at Parma, named Madame Barret, has, it is said, discovered a very ingenious process for taking off paintings *in fresco* on walls, and transferring them to canvas. The only method before known, was, to cut the painting from the wall by an operation which took considerable time and expence, and, besides, did not always succeed; but the new process does no injury to the wall, as it is by breath alone that the paintings are detached and removed to the canvas in the manner of a coating. Madame

Barret has already made at Rome several very successful trials of her process, which may save from destruction some of the finest paintings of the early Italian masters.

The French navigator, Peyrouse, describes, in his voyage, a reef of shoal banks a few degrees north of Owhyhee, where he suggested that a pearl-fishery might be established to advantage; and he states that the French frigates sailed over them. Some commercial persons, in consequence, lately engaged divers, and visited the spot; but were astonished to find, not only that no vessel can now sail over these banks, but that, though of large extent, they afford but two or three feet water, and in many places exhibit verdant spots above water. This change has been ascribed solely to the unremitting labours of polypi and coral insects; and confirms the hypothesis, that many other of the groups of islands in this wide ocean derive their original from similar causes.

The following affidavit, which has appeared in the American papers, contains in its statement somewhat of the marvellous, though the monster which it describes by no means equals the Norwegian kraken. It must rest on the credit of the American seamen. At the same time, it is but fair to acknowledge, that, as the reports of the immense sea-serpent, though formerly obscure and almost incredible, have been lately verified; so the stories of the kraken may prove to have been founded in truth, and may also be verified to the satisfaction of naturalists:—"G. Bailey, late master of the ship Amsterdam Packet, Wm. R. Handy, late master of the ship Lydia, and Adam Knox, late master of the schooner Augusta, all belonging to New-York, have deposed before me, William Bleecker, notary-public, that they were passengers on board the ship Niagara, which arrived at New-York from Lisbon on the 26th April;—that, on the 8th, being in lat. 43. 49. long. 48. at meridian, saw a large lump on the horizon, bearing N. W. distant six or eight miles, which they supposed to be the hull of a large ship, bottom upwards; when within gun-shot of it, discovered that it had motion, and, on nearer approach, found it to be a fish, apparently 200 feet in length, about 30 broad, and from 17 to 18 feet in the center: its back appeared covered with a shell, formed similar to the planks of a clinker-built vessel; near the head, on the right side, was a large hole or archway, covered occasionally with a fin, which was at times eight or ten feet out of water. These deponents intended to have sent the boat to make further discoveries, but were deterred by perceiving that the monster was moving, and that he occasioned a great rippling and current in the sea, which would, had it approached much nearer, have endangered the boat and vessel. At one time they approached within 30 yards of it.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Musical Illustrations of* WALTER SCOTT'S ROKEBY, by William Russell, Mus. Bac. Oxon. viz.

*The Harp*. Pr. 1s. 6d.

*The Cypress Wreath*. Pr. 2s.

*A weary Lot is thine, fair Maid*. Pr. 1s. 6d.

EXCEPTING the harsh effect of

the too early introduction of dissonance (in the first bar of the symphony and of the melody), "*The Harp*" is a very good composition. The melody is soft, and conceived with much taste and sentiment; the ideas are ably linked together, and unite into a complete whole with great effect. The words, "My harp alone," are very impressively set.

As to the "*Cypress Wreath*," we compliment the author on his eminent success in fitting his music to the text. The various feelings excited by the poetry, are, throughout, infused into the harmony, not without the adhibition of a considerable portion of that science which distinguishes Mr. R.'s works generally. Change of key, and of time, are judiciously employed with the above view, and the occasional introduction of minor strains, as well as of appropriate dissonances, depict admirably those parts of the poem which partake of the gloom of deep melancholy.

The air, "*A weary Lot is thine, fair Maid*," although like its text, of a lighter fabric, and exhibiting less musical originality, possesses, nevertheless, sufficient interest not to detract from the opinion we have formed of Mr. R.'s abilities. The symphonies are very commendable.

It is with pleasure we feel warranted in giving, here, our opinion generally, that among the many musical illustrators of Walter Scott who have come under our notice, we have found none to whose works we could assign the least pre-eminence over Mr. R.'s classic labour.

*Marie, a Tyrolese Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed* by P. Knapton. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The andantino chosen for the theme is, in fact, a walz in slow motion. With the variations, nine in number, we have every reason to be well satisfied; they form creditable testimonials of Mr. K.'s taste and skill. Among those which preferably claimed our interest, is No. 4, highly set off with ornamental figures, neat in the extreme, but somewhat nice in the apportionment of time. Good bass evolutions occur in No. 3, and above all in the first part of No. 7. No. 6 presents some clever harmonic touches. The minore (No. 8) is attractive; and No. 9, with proper attention to its arrangement of time between both hands, will be found highly interesting. The coda appended to it, which sets out with G 7, is very good: in no part of this publication has the author given stronger specimens of fanciful expression, cultivated taste, and chaste feeling.

No. XIV. *Irish Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, composed, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Lady Jane Paget*, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

How such a theme could find favour with a Mazzinghi, is a question of some difficulty on this side of St. George's Channel; while, on the other hand, it accounts for the less frequent display of that taste in the superstructure which we are accustomed to look for in this author's works. A Vestris in wooden clogs will stun the ear with a clown's dance. This comparison, more or less obtruding itself throughout the work, is particularly applicable to the minor in three flats, the beginning of which offends the *ear* with fifths, al-

though not absolutely in *sight;* C 8—B b 3.

No. XV. *Mozart's celebrated "Ah perdona," with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, composed, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Lady Mary Gordon,* by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

The materials being good in this instance, and the architect skilful, the edifice raised answers our expectations: classic taste reigns throughout. Among the variety of neat devices elicited from the theme, we will notice the pleasing variations *p.* 4 (P. F.), particularly at "*sotto voce;*" the evolutions of thirds (*p.* 5), and the fluent and well-linked portion at "*ammato.*" A good bass presents itself, *p.* 6, at "*moderato;*" and the cantabile variation, *p.* 7, possesses a chaste cast of melody. The whole is brilliantly wound up by the last variation, where the alternate bars of the harp and piano-forte act with the best effect.

*Le Retour de l'Année, Andante et Rondo, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Misses Carnac,* by Richard Light. Pr. 2s.

The introductory andante claims our warmest commendation; in the few staves it contains the author has displayed much good taste, skill, and science. In the first bar, *l.* 3, the four first quavers should probably have been semiquavers. Another error occurs in the 4th bar (counting backwards from the end) of the last line, which *we hope* is a typographical one likewise: the E, F, G in the bass is bad; the whole a third lower (C, D, E) would have done. The theme of the rondo reminds us of the finale in the *Cabinet* (which, by the bye, is an almost literal copy of a movement of Winter's). But supposing the theme borrowed, great merit is due to the author for his manner of treating the subject. The ideas he has engrafted upon it are classic; indeed, the whole bears a stamp of finished and elegant elaboration. The modulations, *p.* 4, are of a superior order, although in one instance (*l.* 2, *b.* 3), the entrance into A b from C minor appears to us too sudden and unprepared. To students we can recommend this publication, both on the score of its intrinsic value and for the digital facility with which it is set.

*The Hero's Address and Exultation of the Army previous to the memorable Battle of Vittoria, adapted to Mozart's celebrated March,* by Richard Campbell. Pr. 1s. 6d.

To those who may be desirous of possessing, *in substance,* and in an English garb, the whole of Mozart's inimitable air, "*Non piu andrai far fallone amoroso,*" this loyal and patriotic publication will be welcome.

*Lilla of Leamington, a Ballad, inscribed (by permission) to the Right Hon. Lady Viscountess Anson, by her Ladyship's most obedient and obliged Servant, James Bisset; the Music and Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte,* by W. G. Perry. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A poetic trifle, apparently of local interest. The air, however simple and plainly bassed, evinces taste and some familiarity with lyric composition; the periods, too, follow each other in unlaboured con-

nection. The latter half of the melody possesses peculiar animation, and its burden is very appropriately expressed.

*A Romance, with Variations for the Harp, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Young*, by John Parry. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The simple theme is very apt for variation; only the circumstance of drawing the second part into *six* bars instead of four or eight, destroys the harmonic symmetry. The 1st bass note, too (in the theme), should, as in the variations, be C, instead of B b. The variations are proper, agreeable, and perfectly characteristic for the harp. Var. 6, in particular with crossed-hand passages, has our unqualified approbation. The minor too is respectable.

"*Quand le bien-aimé reviendra,*" *a favourite French Air, with a Pastoral Introduction and ten Variations, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Flute (ad lib.), and respectfully inscribed to Lady Blackett*, by J. Mugnié. Pr. 5s.

Mr. M.'s talents and skill as a writer for the piano-forte, have so repeatedly stood upon honourable record in our musical catalogue, that any amplification in the expression of our high sense of his eminent qualifications, must be as superfluous in this place as it would be needless to his well established fame in the musical world; and what enhances our estimation of this professor, is, his *constant* aim at excellence. Unallured by the prevailing taste for harmonic frivolity, or by motives of interest, Mr. M. stedfastly adheres to that path which, although probably less profitable, is the only one that leads to lasting celebrity. The variations before us form an additional voucher of the truth of this assertion. Even in the theme we discover novelty of harmonic arrangement; but the variations themselves exhibit a fund of such rare geniality as to excite our admiration. No. 5, for instance, throughout cast into responsive alternations, is eminently beautiful. No. 9, however, is the pride of the whole work; a classic feeling, expressed with the most exquisite delicacy, reigns from beginning to end. It is impossible to speak more intelligibly to the heart than Mr. M. has done in this variation. No. 10, representing the theme under a walz, although not amiss, will certainly not admit of a comparison with the rest of the publication.

*Three grand Sonatas for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment (obligato) for the Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to Hugh Hammersley, Esq.* by T. Powell. Pr. 12s.

It will scarcely be expected that we should enter into a detailed analysis of this voluminous publication, comprised within seventy or eighty well filled pages. Our notice must be confined to the character and merits of the *tout-ensemble.* If we had not known this folio to be the offspring of laborious care and matured study, its complexion would have informed us of it, with the addition, withal, that the industrious author's pains have not been bestowed in vain; nor is it less perceptible, that the study of classic models has enlarged the field of Mr. P.'s conception, and infused a strong tinge of real good taste into his labour. His slow movements

in this work yield the most pointed evidence of this assertion; they afford numerous instances of chaste melody, as well as of scientific combinations: we have met with many counterpoints which do honour to the inventor. In his modulations, too, Mr. P. has aimed at selectness, and not unfrequently at justifiable boldness. The accompaniment of the violoncello, as might be expected from such a master on that instrument, is any thing but a mere fundamental support. It is highly coloured, and often fraught with passages that require, if not a very proficient, yet a clean and attentive performer.

*The Villagers, a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Montague,* by Joseph Sharpe. Pr. 2s.

Knowing this to be a maiden essay, we can state with the strictest truth, that few first efforts have come under our cognizance with a better claim to a good reception. The whole, it is true, is but a trifle: but trifles may be neat and pleasing; and this merit is due to Mr. S.'s *Villagers,* besides the advantage of peculiar facility for execution. We therefore anticipate encouraging success for this publication, and feel ourselves justified in exhorting the author to further efforts of a higher cast.

*Un (?) soirée d'Eté, the favourite Divertisement, composed by Mr. Didelot, performed at the King's Theatre; the Music composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte,* by F. Venua. Pr. 5s.

A collection of a number of short agreeable pieces, lightly conceived and easily performed. Nos. 1, 4, 8, are among the most interesting. Without any peculiar novelty, they bear the character of easy simplicity, inherent in the dramatic performance for which they were intended. Here and there, as in Nos. 6 and 7, the passages partake too much of violin evolutions, and in one or two instances the rules of harmony are not strictly attended to. Thus the last line but one, *p.* 6, is liable to very pointed censure.

## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

### NORTH OF SPAIN.

Referring to our last report, which stated the separation of the corps under General Clausel from the main body of the French army, in consequence of their defeat at Vittoria, and his retreat in the direction of the Ebro; we have now to add, that, upon the intelligence of that general's lingering near Logrono as late as the 25th June, Lord Wellington conceived it possible to intercept his retreat into France, and, with that view, detached several divisions of his army, partly towards Tudela, and partly towards Logrono. But when it was known that the French general had moved upon Tudela, and from thence for Saragossa, all hopes of overtaking him ceased, and the British divisions returned into Navarre. From Saragossa, Clausel turned northwards, and, although, harassed by the Spanish partisan corps, especially in his rear-guard under General Paris, he made good his way into France by the road of Jaca.

Meanwhile Pampluna was com-

pletely blockaded by Sir Rowland Hill, who pushed some of his troops as far as the head of the Bidassoa; while Sir Thomas Graham, continuing to advance from Tolosa, drove the enemy across the lower Bidassoa into France. The forts of Castro and Guetaria were found evacuated, the garrison of Passages surrendered on the 30th June to Colonel Longa, and the fortress of San Sebastian was blockaded forthwith. In the rear, too, the castle of Pancorvo, garrisoned by 700 French, surrendered on the 1st July to the Conde de Abisbal (O'Donnell), who with the Andalusian army of reserve had followed close after Lord Wellington, and had on the 29th June carried by assault the town and lower fort. He joined immediately afterwards the main army, and was charged with the blockade of Pampluna.

Although the right and left wings of the great French army had thus been chased from the Spanish territory, the center, under General Gazan, still tarried in the fertile valley of Bastan, with the seeming determination of remaining in it. To expel him from so advantageous a station, General Hill was detached with several brigades; and by a series of operations from the 4th to the 7th July, in which our loss was trifling, Sir Rowland accomplished that object; so that on the latter day Spain, on the western side of the Pyrennees, was completely free from its Gallic oppressors, with the exception of Pampluna and St. Sebastian.

To commence the siege of the latter fortress, the greatest exertions were now making; and such was the activity of General Graham, to whom that important operation was entrusted, that on the 12th July ground was broken before the place. The convent of San Bartholomé, a strongly fortified post without the outworks of the place, was first assailed, and, after being breached, carried by storm on the 17th July. After this success, the attack on the body of the place was carried on with such vigour, that on the 24th two wide and practicable breaches were effected in the line wall of the left flank; and early in the morning of the 25th the assault was undertaken, but unfortunately failed entirely. Our loss, owing to the determined courage of the troops who made the most strenuous efforts to brave the murderous resistance of the enemy, was very severe on this occasion, viz.

| | KILLED. | | WOUNDED. | | MISSING. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *Offirs.* | *Men.* | *Offirs.* | *Men.* | *Offirs.* | *Men.* |
| British | 10 | 103 | 32 | 401 | 5 | 151 |
| Portuguese | 1 | 90 | 11 | 329 | 1 | 143 |
| | 11 | 193 | 43 | 730 | 6 | 294 |

Total *hors de combat*, 60 officers, 1217 men.

Unfortunate as this result has proved, the attempt was justifiable, not only from the importance of the possession of the place with a view to ulterior operations against the enemy, but much more so by the critical situation of affairs in Navarre at that very moment.

The character of Bonaparte, his stupendous efforts in spring to meet and to defeat the Russian and Prussian *corps* (would to God they had been *armies!*) long before they could reach the French boundary, left no doubt that at a moment of the most pressing danger in an opposite direction, when the rapid ad-

vance of Lord Wellington had brought a much more numerous army than that of the Northern powers, not only to the very frontier of southern France, but partly even *into* the usurped empire of Nopoleon; at such a crisis, we say, no doubt could be entertained but his comprehensive and resolute mind would instantaneously adopt the most prompt and vigorous measures, not only to stop the progress of his lordship, but, if possible, even to turn the fortune of war against the British hero.

On the 21st June the whole French army was overthrown at Vittoria; on the 1st July, by an imperial decree on the Elbe, Marshal Soult, then in Germany, is nominated the *emperor's lieutenant* and commander in chief of the French armies in Spain and in the southern provinces of France; on the 12th July Soult takes that command in Bayonne; in twelve days more the discomfited, baggage and cannonless French army is new-modelled, newly organized, newly equipped, reinforced by almost one half of its former amount, and marched as assailant, according to a most comprehensive plan, and with a most imposing front, through the Pyrennees back into Spain. What fearful promptitude in resources! The choice of Soult for such an enterprize was admirable: he had saved Spain last year; and although the balance of means was not this time equally in his favour, still the two opposing armies were not so disproportionate as to exclude a hope of success, especially when two strong fortresses deeply engaged the attention of a great portion of the allied army.

Soult's new army consisted of no less than nine divisions of infantry, commanded on the left by Clausel, the center by Erlon, the right by Reille, besides a reserve on the lower Bidassoa under Villatte, and three divisions of cavalry.

The allied army, on the 24th July, extended from Roncesvalles, on the right, to St. Sebastian, as follows: the pass of Roncesvalles was occupied by Major-General Byng's brigade and Murillo's division of Spanish infantry, supported by Sir Lowry Cole (posted at Viscarret), and by Sir Thomas Picton with the third division at Olaque, in reserve. Sir Rowland Hill, with the remainder of the second division and a Portuguese division under Count Amarante, was posted in the valley of Bastan, and occupied the pass of Puerto di Maya. Further to the left, the light and seventh division extended as far as Vera, with the sixth division in reserve at St. Estevan; and General Longa's division, on the lower Biddassoa, maintained the communication between the troops at Vera and the besieging corps before St. Sebastian.

How far Lord Wellington was accurately apprized of Soult's intentions, and of his being in a state to put them in immediate execution, we know not; the extension of the line of the allied armies, and its weakness on the essential points, lead certainly to a presumption of the contrary. On the 24th Soult greatly reinforced his left, and on the next day forced the pass of Roncesvalles with about 35,000

220000 60000 140000 14000

men; while, on the same day, the defile of Puerto di Maya, entrusted to Sir R. Hill, was attacked by Count Erlon. Our right gave way to superiority of numbers, and retired upon Zubiri; and Sir Rowland, although more successful in his resistance, was obliged, in consequence of the retrograde movement of the right wing, likewise to fall back upon Irurita. In these actions we lost a considerable number of men and four guns.

Lord Wellington was informed of this critical state of affairs on his right in the night between the 25th and 26th, and immediately gave orders for concentrating the army on the left, so as at the same time to provide for the protection of the corps of Count Abisbal before Pampluna, and of General Graham before St. Sebastian (the latter of whom actually raised the siege, and sent his artillery on board ship). This concentration of the allied army was to have taken place early on the 27th; but, owing to a further retrograde movement of our left from the post of Zubiri (which Generals Cole and Picton deemed untenable for a sufficient length of time,) to the neighbourhood of Pampluna, a further change of disposition became necessary.

Our field-marshal had scarcely arrived on the 27th at his right wing, now near Pampluna, when the enemy appeared in sight and formed his army for attack. This he actually commenced in the afternoon of the same day; and although the intrepidity of the allies maintained the contest upon the whole successfully, yet his superiority of numbers gained him the village of Sorausen, an essential point in our position. Early on the 28th Soult renewed the contest; but the seasonable arrival of our sixth division enabled Lord Wellington, not only to meet the enemy effectually at all points, but to repel him altogether, with immense loss, into his strong position on the crest of the opposite heights.

Marshal Soult, judging from the reception he met with, that any further attempt on our right would be fruitless, determined to try his chance in another direction on our left, commanded by Sir Rowland Hill. The 29th and succeeding night he employed in preparations to reinforce the troops opposed to that general; and on the 30th Sir Rowland found himself assailed by such superior numbers, as to be compelled to abandon his position on the river Lanz, closely followed by the enemy. This new infraction on our line would, to a general of Soult's abilities, have proved the forerunner of decided victory, had he not had to contend against a captain of at least equal military talents.

At this critical moment the genius of Wellington broke out in its brightest lustre. Instead of merely acting on the defensive by strengthening his tottering left wing, he boldly resolved to attack the left of the French immediately facing him, although commanded by Soult in person, and posted in a situation of strength which bade defiance to almost any insult. By the most skilful manœuvres he turned both flanks of the French marshal's position, and attacking simultaneously in front, the heights were li-

terally taken by assault, the enemy driven with the bayonet from all his positions, and so vigorously pursued, that the column which still pressed upon General Hill was actually in the rear of his lordship, and but for its instant and speedy retreat, would have been cut off from the rest of the French army. By this bold attack the enemy sustained immense loss in killed and wounded, and a great number of prisoners remained in our hands.

This second victory, on the 30th, was the death-blow to Soult's sanguine expectations of once more establishing the French arms in the west of Spain. He now fled at all points. The pass of Donna Maria, however, was deemed sufficiently strong to stop the progress of a part of the pursuing victors. But from this, too, they were, not without obstinate resistance, expelled by Sir Rowland Hill and Lord Dalhousie. Yet even this success was not the last feat of arms required to drive the invaders back into France. As late as the 2d of Aug. they lingered in the Puerto de Eschalar. It was the intention of Lord Wellington to dislodge them by a joint attack of the 7th and 4th light divisions; but the 7th having come up first, Major-General Barnes's brigade instantly formed by itself, and advancing before the 4th division could get up, attacked and actually drove two divisions of the enemy from the most difficult heights. This action closed the operations, and enabled the field-marshal, in his latest dispatch, dated Lezaca, 4th Aug. to report western Spain once more clear of the enemy, and our army once more in nearly the same position which it held before the short-lived, but threatening invasion of Soult. His lordship, according to a settled practice of his, leaves us to guess the enemy's loss, even as to prisoners, which surely can be counted; but the official bulletin states the French loss at 15,000, including killed, wounded, and 4000 prisoners. The diminution in our own ranks, from 25th July to 2d Aug. is contained in the following distressing totals:—

| | KILLED. | | WOUNDED. | | MISSING. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *Offic.* | *Men.* | *Offic.* | *Men.* | *Offic.* | *Men.* |
| British | 30 | 510 | 221 | 3295 | 17 | 483 |
| Portuguese | 11 | 311 | 95 | 1722 | 0 | 201 |
| | 41 | 821 | 316 | 5017 | 17 | 684 |

Total *hors de combat*, 374 officers, 6522 men.

To this must be added the loss of the Spaniards (not stated in the returns), which cannot have been trifling, especially in Murillo's division, whose conduct, as well as that of some regiments of Abisbal's Andalusian army, Lord Wellington records as highly praiseworthy. His eulogiums on the valour of the Portuguese troops, likewise, are conceived in the highest terms.

On reflecting upon the result of these operations, in however conspicuous a light they place both the courage and tactic skill of the troops and the genius of their leader, it cannot be denied, that the permission to remain *for a while* on the ground already conquered by means of the battle of Vittoria (the only advantage derived from these recent contests), has been purchased at a very dear price; and when we further consider the promptness with which the discomfited French army re-appeared as the aggressor in the field, the cir-

cumstance of its being within the bosom of its resources, and the necessity which his danger must entail upon Bonaparte to make immediate and greater efforts—we apprehend that that price will not have been the last bidding we shall have to make for the possession of Navarre; and that unless extraordinary exertions are making for replenishing the ranks of the Peninsular allies, successes like these will in the end prove a losing game to them. Upon Spain, nearly reconquered from the enemy, must now fall the brunt of these efforts. Little short of conscription will enable her to secure permanently the advantages she has derived from British co-operation; indeed, it has long been our firm conviction, that, without conscription throughout Europe, England not excepted, the destructive torrent of Bonaparte's lust of conquest will not be effectually resisted. We fight him as yet with very unequal weapons.

EAST OF SPAIN.

The Anglo-Sicilian army returned to Alicant from the Tarragona crusade at the end of June, under its new leader, Lord William Bentinck, who had come from Sicily, and had, at the Col de Balaguer, joined the expedition when on its return from Catalonia. Sir John Murray immediately sailed for Sicily, to take the command of the British forces in that island, altho' report speaks of the probability of an investigation into his conduct before Tarragona.

Suchet almost at the same time returned with his troops to Valencia and the Xucar, when he received the disastrous intelligence of the battle of Vittoria. This induced him to prepare for an immediate retreat towards the Ebro, which, from the total want of any accounts from him, we can only infer to have been effected without loss. A few fragments of Spanish intelligence, and a paragraph or two in the published part of Lord Wellington's reports, inform us, that the Anglo-Sicilian army, joined to the Spanish corps of Generals Elio and the Duke del Parque, advanced as soon as they knew that Suchet was gone. The latter evacuated Valencia on the 5th July, and Elio entered on the 7th. The further movements of the allies in that quarter consisted, probably, in following cautiously and safely the footsteps of the French general. All we know further, is, Lord Wellington's statement, that, on the 21st July, Lord William Bentinck had reached Vinaros, and was making preparations for crossing the Ebro, from which, however, he then was still about thirty miles distant. It is stated, that Suchet has left Murviedro strongly garrisoned, and we should think Peniscola likewise. If Suchet draws to himself the disposable force he can command in Catalonia, Lord William will have an arduous task to face him; and, in that case, his lordship's safest and most effective line of operation would be a movement to the left, to approach within the vortex of the main army under Lord Wellington.

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In one of our former numbers we adverted to the remonstrances and the active resistance which the Pope's nuncio at the Spanish court, D. Pedro Gravina, permitted him-

self against the decree for abolishing the Inquisition. He even encouraged the Spanish clergy underhand to oppose the promulgation of that decree, and was, in consequence, seriously warned by the regency to desist from his machinations. Nevertheless, he continued to interfere assiduously against the authority of government, until the regency, wearied by his misconduct, sent him out of the country and seized his temporalities, by a manifesto dated July 7, setting forth the proceedings which were the cause of so strong, but just a step.

On the receipt of the glorious tidings of the battle of Vittoria, the Cortes, among other enthusiastic expressions of exultation and of gratitude to the hero who achieved it, in their sitting of the 2d of July, unanimously voted, that Lord Wellington should be invested with a territorial property in Spain, from the national domains.

### NORTH OF GERMANY.

The armistice in Germany has been prolonged to the 10th of August, in order to make an attempt at pacification by a general congress to be held at Prague, at which capital plenipotentiaries from the under-mentioned powers had arrived in July:—*Austria*, Count Metternich; *Russia*, Privy Counsellor D'Anstetten; *Prussia*, Baron Humboldt; *France*, Count Narbonne and Caulincourt. On the part of *Great Britain*, Lord Aberdeen has set out for the same destination. A short time will shew whether there is any probability of the Gordian knot which ties the yoke of French tyranny, being unpicked in a quiet, diplomatic way, or whether, as we think it ought to be, the sword is to cut it asunder.

In the meantime, immense preparations continue to be made on both sides. While the legitimate sovereigns, Alexander and Frederick William, had a meeting with the Crown Prince of Sweden at Trachenberg, in Silesia (10th to to 12th July), at which Lord Cathcart and, as it is reported, an Austrian envoy attended, Bonaparte reviewed in person the greatest part of his army, and inspected the whole line of fortifications on the Elbe, from Konigstein to Magdeburg. He next dedicated a few days to the softer passions (if there be any in such a character), in a meeting with the unfortunate Maria Louisa at Mentz, whither she had purposely repaired.

The statement of Berthier's death, mentioned in our last number, proves unfounded; but Junot, the *soi-disant* Duke of Abrantes, is reported to have died a victim of the consequences of the Russian campaign, on or about the 1st of August, at his chateau in France.

The arrival of General Moreau at Gothenburg, on the 27th July, from America, has roused political speculation. He was received with great distinction, and his further destination is said to be the head-quarters of the Crown Prince.

### UNITED STATES.

The fortune of maritime war seems to have ranged herself on our side in good earnest. To the capture of the Chesapeake frigate, we have now to add another trophy, of less consequence, it is true, but of equal glory. In their pride of success, the American ships of war have ventured into the British seas,

and committed serious depredations on our trade. The Argus sloop, of 20 guns and 136 men, after infesting St. George's Channel for some time, was, on the 14th of August, met near Milford by the Pelican sloop, of 16 guns and 121 men; and, like the Chesapeake, attacked, boarded, and carried in forty minutes. The President, commanded by the famous Captain Rogers, has likewise captured many British vessels, especially whalers, in the Northern ocean, hitherto with impunity; but as several ships have been sent out in quest of her, and even reached her track, it is not impossible but she may have to regorge her booty in a British port likewise.

In Canada the war has been very active: many engagements have taken place along the whole frontier, in which the balance of success has been on our side, and the bravery and skill of the British army invariably as conspicuous as in Spain. Of the numerous encounters, few are of historical importance; we shall therefore briefly notice the most material ones in chronological order.

On the Detroit frontier, Colonel Proctor was, on the 14th May, attacked by an American corps of very superior force, which he completely defeated, with the loss of upwards of 1000 men.

An expedition, commanded by the British Colonel Baynes, made an attempt on Sackett's Harbour on the 29th May, but failed of success; although it created sufficient alarm to induce the enemy to set fire to his magazines of military and naval stores in the place.

Nearly at the same time an American armament, with a force of 5 or 6000 men, appeared on Lake Ontario, and made good a landing, in spite of the obstinate resistance and determined bravery displayed by a small British force under Colonel Vincent, who, finding all opposition in vain, evacuated fort St. George, and retreated with his troops into the country. The American army, in consequence, became possessed of the above-mentioned fort, and of others on the Niagara frontier, and advanced in pursuit of Colonel Vincent. At Burlington they arrived in sight of the British commander on the 5th of June, and prepared to attack him the next day; but, unmindful of his great inferiority, the colonel saved them the trouble, by assailing their camp by surprise the same night, dispersing the whole army, taking their two generals, Chandler and Winder, 4 pieces of cannon, and upwards of 100 prisoners. The American force is stated to have since retreated, and to have evacuated the fruits of this invasion, with the exception of the environs and fort of St. George; and their stay in that quarter has subsequently led to another more signal defeat, which, according to their own accounts, took place on the 23d June, when Colonel Boerstler, who with a detachment of about 600 men, had penetrated into the interior, was attacked, surrounded, and captured with all his surviving men.

Two days before the battle of Burlington, viz. on the 3d June, two American brigs of war, the Eagle and Growler, of 11 guns

and 50 men each, were captured by our small craft on Lake Ontario, not without obstinate defence.

The principal operations of the coasting squadron in the Chesapeake, under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, are, an attack upon Craney Island (22d June), undertaken with a view to effect the destruction of the Constellation frigate; but completely frustrated by the vigorous opposition our troops met with. Including the loss of two or three boats with men, we came off with a minus of about 60 men, killed, taken, or drowned. Our squadron next proceeded to Hampton, where the troops landed on the 26th June, took the town, attacked and carried the American camp in its rear, made some prisoners, took seven pieces of cannon, and re-embarked. Here our loss was about 50 men.—Insignificant as, upon the whole, these results may appear, the effect of keeping the coast in constant alarm, and of occupying a great force of the enemy, which otherwise would be employed against us in Canada, is certainly a necessary and important consequence of this species of warfare.

DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

On the 22d July his Royal Highness the Prince Regent in person prorogued the Parliament. After an elegant address from the Speaker, his Royal Highness delivered a speech from the throne, embracing the principal topics of our foreign and domestic concerns at this period.

The Emperor of Russia having been elected a Knight of the Garter, a deputation has set out from England for Germany, to present his Imperial Majesty with the insignia of that order.

Our latest accounts from Malta represent the plague in that island as still in most destructive virulency: from thirty to forty deaths occurred daily in the middle of June.

German papers announce the arrival of the Queen of Sicily at Raab, in Hungary.

## PLATE 16.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

The bed-room chair is of the highest character of decoration, and of course adapted to the principal chambers of a mansion: the frame is of mahogany, of satin wood, or may be painted in imitation of them. The form of this chair is suited for repose.

The cottage chair is composed after the designs which prevailed in the sixteenth century, when the national taste was yet unsettled, and the fancy adopted forms and embellishments not in unison with the refined and classic taste of modern times: the very circumstance, probably, makes this design analogous to the purposes of a cottage ornée; and it has lately been introduced with great advantage as furniture for buildings of the castellated character, and also for those whose original features are of similar construction, and to which furniture

has been introduced much less in harmony, although, separately considered, of a superior design.

The plate (No. 4,) given in the *Repository* for July, is a French window-curtain: it is designed for a room where the space between the windows is of excessive dimensions, which very frequently occurs in old buildings. To relieve this defect, and also to remove the objectionable appearance of a central pier, a mirror is substituted for an opening, and the effect of three distinct spaces is produced by the architectural embellishments: circular cornices, in the manner of the archivolts of the Romans, are supported by therms, and from these arches are suspended the curtains, which accompany the pier glass in the center also. The *tablet* is introduced in the usual manner.

The flower-stands, on the extremes of the design, are suited to the dining and the drawing-rooms.

Φ.

## FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

### PLATE 19.—EVENING COSTUME.

A ROUND robe of white Venetian crape, worn over a white gossamer satin slip, appliqued with lace in front of the bosom; full slashed sleeve and demi-bodice, of amber or other coloured satin, confined at regular distances and at the bottom of the waist with bows of correspondent ribband. The bottom of the dress finished with treble rows of lace, put on very full. Head-dress, *à la Parisienne*, composed of a small bandeau of diamonds, white roses, and folds of silk the colour of the bodice; over which is disposed fancifully a large transparent Mechlin veil. Ear-rings, necklace, cross, and studs of brilliants or pearl. Slippers of amber satin, with silver rosettes and trimming. Gloves of French kid, and fan of carved ivory.

### PLATE 20.—PROMENADE COSTUME.

A white jaconot muslin high dress, with long sleeves and collar of needle-work; treble flounces of plaited muslin round the bottom; wrist and collar confined with a silk cord and tassel. The hair disposed in the Eastern style, with a fancy flower in front or on one side. A Vittoria cloak, or Pyrenean mantle, of pomona green sarsnet, trimmed with Spanish fringe of a correspondent shade, and confined in graceful folds on the left shoulder. A white lace veil thrown over the head-dress. A large Eastern parasol, the colour of the mantle, with deep Chinese awning. Roman shoe, or Spanish slipper, of pomona green kid, or jean. Gloves of primrose or amber-coloured kid.

## MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of July to the 15th of August, 1813.

*Acute diseases.*—Cholera, 3.... Catarrh, 5....Inflammatory sore-throat, 2....Fever, 6....Measles, 3...

Acute rheumatism, 2.....Gout, 1 ...Acute diseases of infants, 4.

*Chronic diseases.*—Diarrhœa, 6... Jaundice, 1....Dyspepsia, 5....Gastrodynia, 4...Colic, 1..Rheumatism, 6..Pleurodyne, 4..Consumption, 2.. Cough and dyspnœa,4..Hœmoptoe, 3.....Asthenia, 10.....Head-ach and vertigo, 4....Palsy, 2....Dropsy, 3.... Asthma, 1....Dysure, 1....Lumbago, 1...Cutaneous affections, 3...Female complaints, 5.

Since the last report, several cases of fever have occurred. In adults, it appears chiefly in the mild form of synochus, or summer fever, and was not attended by very pressing or alarming symptoms. In some cases of infants, the fever has been of a remittent nature, and proved difficult of cure. There is something obscure in its character, which in very young subjects renders it, except to an acute and experienced eye, liable to be confounded with other affections. Hence, in the commencement of the complaint, an improper mode of treatment is frequently adopted, valuable time lost, and the complaint rendered more intractable.

It is usually preceded by general languor, loss of appetite, irregularity in the bowels, wasting of the flesh, peevishness, and debility. The patient soon after becomes feverish, especially in the evening. The pulse is frequent, the skin hot, tongue clean in the beginning, but furred as the complaint advances. In most cases we may trace the origin of the disease to a disordered state of the liver, or the stomach and bowels. The remedies which prove most effectual are, mercurial purgatives and small doses of calomel, interposing saline, antimonial, and other medicines, as symptoms may demand. In the case of an infant two years old recently under my care, but now convalescent, the little patient was completely paralytic on one side; an event which occasionally takes place in this fever. Besides the medicines employed, when the fever had subsided, electricity seemed of great service in restoring the power of motion to the affected side of the body.

The diseases most liable to be confounded with this form of fever, are, worm-fever and water in the head (*hydrocephalus internus*). But both these complaints have distinct features: in the first, to say nothing of the occasional appearance of worms, there is a peculiar cast of countenance and characteristic expression, which, however other symptoms common to remittent fever may be present, decide our judgment; and water in the head is denoted, independent of the symptoms, by the attitude and posture of the child. Still there are many appearances common to the three complaints, which would require much minute detail to point out. In health, the affections of the soul are often so strongly pourtrayed on the countenance, that an attentive observer may become acquainted with their character, and in proportion as he is attentive to this interesting study, will he be more expert and certain in his conclusions: so in disease it is remarkably the case, and frequently affords an acute practitioner more accurate and instant knowledge of the complaint, than he could derive from other sources. Certain specious practitioners, by taking advantage

of this outward and visible index of disease, have occasionally attained great fame, and much astonished their patients, by at once telling them they have such and such feelings, a pain here or an ach there, this organ deranged or that obstructed, according to the particular complaint which may affect them at the time.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather has been very favourable for the harvest through nearly the whole of last month, particularly so at the commencement of it. The wheat crop is abundant, heavy in hand, and of the finest quality. The greater part of it, in the southern counties, is well harvested, and appears to be more than an average crop.

Barley is of fine quality, large in the straw, with a heavy ear, and will be a full average crop, except in a few spots towards the furrows, upon those tenacious soils that have not been properly drained. In such situations, in consequence of the cold, wet spring, the barley is short both in straw and corn.

Oats are the largest crop we have grown for many years: they are of fine quality, and well harvested; their produce will be above an average crop.

Beans are forwarder than it was expected they would be, from the very growing season: they are well corned where they have had a proper interval betwixt the rows, and have escaped the fly.

Peas are large, of fine quality, with abundance of halm, and the early kinds well harvested. This season is called, by the farmer, a bean year. The whole of the leguminous tribe are of finer quality and more abundant than for several years past.

The hay has been well harvested, but on burning soils the lattermath is short.

Turnips, cabbage, cole, and all the brassica species are a full and strong crop. The fly has been less prevalent this year than for many seasons past.

Hops have much improved in blossom, and the estimated duties are increasing.

Potatoes are a greater breadth of crop than in any former year: their yield is abundant, and the quality fine.

## ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1 and 2 is a Chinese chintz, for drawing-room, boudoir, and sleeping-room furniture. This lively and cheerful article admits a lining and fringe of any colour; but those of pea-green, pink, and blue exhibit it to most advantage. It is from the house of Mr. Allen, Pall-Mall, whose superb and extensive ware-rooms stand unrivalled in point of variety, taste, and cheapness.

No. 3. A unique and elegant article for ladies' robes, pelisses, man-

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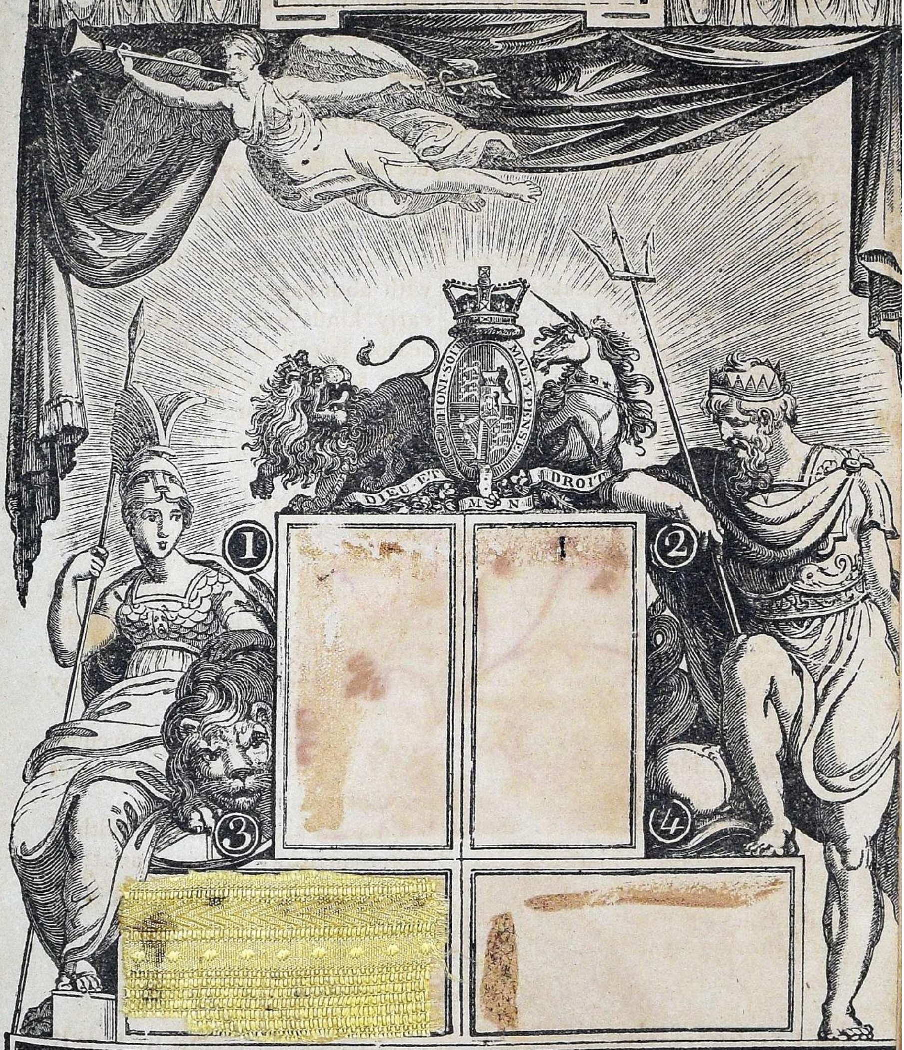


# The Repository

*Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics.*

Manufacturers, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as they come out; and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

*R. Ackermann,* 101, *Strand, London.*

RUSTIC FIGURES.

Pyne del.t

No. 57, of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. [illegible] at [illegible] Strand, London.

RUSTIC FIGURES.

Pyne d.

No. 87 of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. 1 Sept. 1813 at 101 Strand, London.

tles, and scarfs, styled the Vittoria striped gauze. Trimmings for this article may be of silver, white beads, or lace, with fancy gimps and fringe of the same shade. It is sold by Wm. King, 44, Pall-Mall.

No. 4. A figured Manchester muslin, calculated for domestic wear. Robes of this article are frequently formed high in the neck, with full long sleeves; cuffs and collar of fine needle-work, or lace, a correspondent belt and clasp confining it at the bottom of the waist; and is sometimes trimmed at the feet with a full silk fringe, of the same shades. This article is sold by Waithman and Son, corner of Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

# Poetry.

## TO —— ——.

I'll weep no more, no more I'll sigh
For woman's tricks of art;
I'll trust no more the beaming eye,
There lurks a poison'd dart.

No more I'll listen to her wiles,
Though music fills each breath;
No more I'll trust her faithless smiles,
Their bitter boon is death!

Oh! I have own'd a love as pure
As infancy's first sigh!
Deception foul has wrought its cure;
No tear shall dim mine eye!

Go, perjur'd woman! thine own heart
Will some day learn to feel!
Then one sad tear for me may start,
One sigh may through thy bosom steal!

J. M. Lacey.

## ODE

*To the learned Author of a celebrated Work on "The Art of Carving."*

Let Coleridge in his lectures try
To teach the Art of Poesy,—
That is, the *Art of Starving*;—
Do thou, good doctor, undertake
To lecture, for the city's sake,
Upon the *Art of Carving*.

Though not an alderman, thou well
The nicest bits and cuts canst tell
Of every dish at table;—
To guide the knife of a beginner
Through all the dangers of a dinner,
What modern is more able?

Let Doctor Davy make folks stare,
While with his hocus-pocus rare
He seems a conj'rer still;—
Let him our senses all unsettle,—
What we thought *gas*, let him prove *metal*,
And call it what he will.

Let Doctor Crotch to ladies show
The diff'rence 'twixt quick time and slow,
Between a flat and sharp;—
Tell what's in time and what's in tune,—
Prove that a bagpipe's no bassoon,
Nor fiddle a Jew's harp.

But when they've lectured all they may,
Who is a whit the wiser, pray?—
Then where's the mighty use, sir?—
Far better, sure, it were to learn
How, when it comes to our own turn,
To cut up a green goose, sir.

O! I had almost sooner starve
Than see a hungry heathen carve,
Who scarce knows chick from duck, sir;
Who, when you ask him for a wing,
Gives you a leg, or some such thing,—
And even that's good luck, sir:

Whose knife ne'er cuts, but hacks and hews,
Who serves a pig much worse than Jews,
Stabbing it every limb;—
If he were taken in the fact,
Would not *Lord Ellenborough's Act*
Extend t'imprison him?

For want of learning my good "rules,"
At city feasts some look like fools,
And bear the knife in vain;—
While sad mishaps of soup and gravy

Make many a carver cry *peccavi*,
And many a *belle* complain.

While others of their ven'son boast,
Their stews, ragouts, their boil'd and roast,
With all the kitchen train;
Our *Jacky Horners* longing linger
In the *state pie* to have a finger,—
There's—*cut and come again.*

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## SONNET TO FANCY.

*Composed on the Banks of* ULLSWATER.

Ah! scenes beloved by Fancy's beaming eye,
Enthusiast sweet, that o'er the mountain wild
Breathes in soft ecstasy the rapturous sigh,
Or sings exulting through the smiling vale;
Now through the dark glen, wandering sadly mild,
Or slowly sauntering through the flowery dale.

In each kind breeze that curls the dimpling lake,
Each orient beam that gilds the rock's bold brow,
She feels young genius in her bosom wake,
And mental morn's resplendent beauties glow.

Bless'd ray of heaven, which bids the soul inhale
Whate'er of good delighted sense pourtrays;
Pours from each rill, and wafts from ev'ry gale,
Imagination's intellectual blaze!

H.

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## THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

I, Simon Self, without a wife,
Lead but a dull, unthankful life;
In melancholy mood I moan,
And mope about, and growl, and groan,
Or sit and sulk, and sadly sigh,
Or saunter *solus* when it's dry;
And when it rains I wearied stay
At home, and work or read all day;
Unless through hunger I incline
To sally forth, half-drown'd, and dine
At some cook-shop, where roast and boil'd
Is sometimes good, and sometimes spoil'd.
No comely joint, no dishes nice,
From which to chuse a fav'rite slice,
Adorn the board, but different fare,
By plates weigh'd out, for each one's share.
We sit around, and bolt so quick,
'T would make a squeamish person sick.
My dinner o'er, sometimes I chuse
To wait my turn, and read the news;
And then return, through dirt and rain,
To fiddle, read, or work again,
Till drowsy pains my limbs o'erspread,
And send me comfortless to bed.
Thus is my life one dreary round,
In which few real joys are found:
No dear companion, tender, kind,
When cares oppress, to sooth my mind,
Or bid me welcome with a smile,
When tired I quit my daily toil;
Or if unwell, tie up my head,
Nurse me, and keep me warm in bed.
What! though a servant-girl for hire
Doth make my bed and light my fire,
She steals my butter, plugs my barrel,
And if I notice it, we quarrel;
And then she's not ashamed to say,
That bachelors are lawful prey.
But this is not the only evil,
The rats and mice do play the devil;
Devour my candles, bread, and cheese,
And skip about where'er they please.
I labour hard to stop their holes,
But soon they're in again by shoals;
For where one dines out every day,
The devil a bit a cat will stay.
But still, amidst these plagues do rise,
By fits and starts, some transient joys.
When Hope and Fancy, sisters gay,
Lead sober Reason from her way;
Or when a chearful hour I spend
In chat with some respected friend,
While round the heart-enlivening glass,
The song and joke do gaily pass;
When friendship, music, mirth, and wine,
To drive dull care away combine:

Then, light of heart, returning home,
I meet with solitude and gloom;
It checks my joy—the fire is out,
And in the dark I grope about
To find a match—I mutter, grumble,
And o'er the stool or coal-box tumble;
I break my shins, or bruise my head,
Then limp off peevishly to bed.
When forth I walk to take the air,
I often meet some passing fair,
Whose blooming charms attract my eye;
And, as my bosom heaves a sigh,
Exclaim, "How happy should I be,
Dear lovely girl, if bless'd with thee!"
Perhaps some unexpected friend
To my apartment doth ascend,
Whom much I wish to take with me
A comfortable cup of tea:
There's sure then something to perplex me,
Something goes wrong to teaze and vex me;
The fire is low, no water hot,
The stale tea-leaves are in the pot;
The butter's gone, the knives are rusty,
The milk is sour, the tea cups dusty:
I load the tray, and haste to wash 'em,
Fall down, and all to pieces dash 'em.
O lovely woman! man's best friend,
On whom life's truest joys depend;
By nature bless'd with every charm,
To please the eye, the heart to warm;
With all that fascinates about you,
I feel we should be brutes without you.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer:—
Let others wealth and honour share,
But grant, to chear my future life,
That first of blessings, a good wife.

---

The following lines, which have not appeared in any edition of their author's works, were composed by Robert Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman, and written on a marble sideboard, in the hermitage belonging to the Duke of Athol, in the wood of Aberfeldy.—This romantic retreat, excavated from a solid rock, completely covered with ivy, is situated in a deep ravine, fronting a celebrated cascade, which is naturally described in the following verse of an old Scottish song:



The hoary cliffs are crown'd with flowers,
White o'er rocks the streamlet pours,
And rising wets with misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The surrounding scenery is truly sublime; the grey rocks forming an amphitheatre, rise like a wall nearly an hundred feet perpendicular; over which the birch-trees reclining, weave a beautiful shade by uniting their broad spreading branches. However pleasant this shade may be in affording a cool retreat from the meridian sun, as it occasions a perpetual gloom, it is apt to inspire the contemplative mind with a tender melancholy.

Internally, this little cell is furnished with a marble table, a mock library, a bed, and two long settees, ingeniously cut out of the rock, and the whole neatly covered with a yellow species of lichen. In this sequestered scene the duke spends many useful, and consequently happy hours, in devising and correcting plans for the future improvement of his estates.

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Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear,
That with remorse a conscience bleeding
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours;
Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers;
For well I saw in halls and towers,
That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrusted;
I saw that honour's sword was rusted;
That few for aught but folly lusted;
That he was still deceived who trusted
To love or friend;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing,
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
My simple food;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in
A palace; and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh:

"Let me, O Lord, from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorseful throb, or loose desire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire,—
To God I fly."

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer:
But if thou hast a cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care;

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exil'd from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

## ANCIENT AND MODERN GALLANTRY.

Poets of old, we must confess,
Display'd a wond'rous politesse;
For when fair ladies went astray,
The stars were more in fault than they.
Lo! did a fiddler, without scruple,
Seduce his pretty little pupil;
No foul disgraceful whispers follow,
Miss is protected by Apollo.
Nay, did some ladies (there were such)
Now and then take a glass too much,
'Twas gently hinted by the Nine,
They flirted with the God of Wine.
Should a nymph, bathing in the sea,
A mother, tho' unmarried, be,
'Twas sung, the mighty Trident-bearer
Had left his Thetis for a fairer.
But things are vastly chang'd, alas!
In this our saucy age of brass.
The miss who favours the petition
Of a spruce amorous musician,
As Mrs. Catgut rues her folly,
"Most musical, most melancholy."
The lady who transfers the rose,
By tippling, from her cheek to nose,
Among her friends in credit sinks,
And every rustic says—she drinks.
Should a fond miss her wishes place
On Captain ——, at a watering-place,
With ready pen see Scandal scrawls
His name and her's in capitals;
And prudent virgins of three-score
Proclaim the truth—and something more.

## LONDON MARKETS.

*Return of Wheat from August 2 to 7.*

**Total**, 13,667 quarters.—Average, 108s. 8¾d. per quarter, or 1s. 5¼d. per quarter lower than last return.

*Return of Flour from August 7 to 13.*

**Total**, 12,697 sacks.—Average, 108s. 10¼d. per sack, or 0s. 2½d. per sack lower than last return.

*Average of England and Wales, August 14.*

| | s | d | | s | d | | s | d |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat | 114 | 4 | Barley | 57 | 3 | Beans | 77 | 5 |
| Rye - | 71 | 2 | Oats - | 40 | 10 | Pease | 86 | 1 |

### CORN, SEEDS, &c.

| | s, | s, | s. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat white, per quarter | 75 | 124 | — |
| ——red - - | 70 | 118 | — |
| ——foreign | 70 | 92 | — |
| Rye - - - | 44 | 50 | — |
| Barley, English | 36 | 48 | — |
| Malt - - - | 70 | 88 | — |
| Oats Feed - | 18 | 32 | — |
| ——Friezland | — | — | — |
| ——Poland | 20 | 42 | — |
| ——Potatoe | 34 | 45 | — |
| Beans, Pigeon | 70 | 74 | — |
| ——Horse - | — | — | — |
| Pease, Boiling | 70 | 90 | — |
| ——Grey - | 60 | 66 | — |
| Flour per sack | 100 | — | — |
| ——Seconds | 80 | 90 | — |
| ——Scotch | 70 | 84 | — |

| | s. | s, | s. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tares, per bushel - | 10 | 14 | — |
| Turnip - - | 12 | 15 | — |
| Mustard, brown - | 20 | 30 | — |
| ——white | 12 | 24 | — |
| Canary, per qr. | 100 | 115 | — |
| Hempseed - | 50 | 60 | — |
| Linseed - - | 75 | 110 | — |
| Clover, red, per cwt. | 90 | 120 | — |
| ——white | 86 | 140 | |
| ——foreign, red | 72 | 100 | — |
| ——white | 90 | 140 | — |
| Trefoil - - | 20 | 38 | — |
| Carraway - | 70 | 82 | — |
| Coriander - | 34 | 38 | — |

American Flour — s a — s per barrel of 196lbs.

Rapeseed, per last - - - £42 a £44 a £46.

Oil Cakes, per thousand, £15. 19s. to £0 0s.

### SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

| | s | | s |
|---|---|---|---|
| Muscovade, fine | 90 | a | 98 |
| ——good | 86 | a | 80 |
| ——ordinary | 80 | a | 85 |
| East India, white | 90 | a | 95 |
| ——yellow | 86 | a | 89 |
| ——brown | 78 | a | 80 |

Molasses 42s. 6d. a 43s. 0d.

REFINED SUGAR.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Double Loaves | 154 | a | 190 |
| Hambro' ditto | 130 | a | 136 |
| Powder ditto | 130 | a | 136 |
| Single ditto | 128 | a | 136 |
| Canary Lumps | 128 | a | 130 |
| Large ditto | 126 | a | 127 |
| Bastards, whole | 87 | a | 90 |
| ——faces | 90 | a | 95 |
| ——middles | 87 | a | 89 |
| ——tips - | 84 | a | 86 |

GINGER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jamaica, white | 82 | a | 200 |
| Barbadoes, ditto | 75 | a | 80 |
| ——black | 70 | a | 75 |

RICE, *Bonded.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Carolina - | 24 | a | 26 |
| Brazil - - | 26 | a | 28 |

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

| | s | d | | s | d |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Dominica, Surinam, &c.* | | | | | |
| Fine - | 75 | 0 | a | 85 | 0 |
| Good | 70 | 0 | a | 74 | 0 |
| Ordinary | 67 | 0 | a | 69 | 0 |
| Triage | 30 | 0 | a | 50 | 0 |
| *Jamaica.* | | | | | |
| Fine - | 75 | 0 | a | 85 | 0 |
| Good | 60 | 0 | a | 74 | 0 |
| Ordinary | 40 | 0 | a | 59 | 0 |
| Triage | 20 | 0 | a | 39 | 0 |
| Mocha | 300 | 0 | a | 600 | 0 |
| Bourbon | 90 | 0 | a | 120 | 0 |
| St. Domingo | 60 | 0 | a | 70 | 0 |
| Java - | 90 | 0 | a | 100 | 0 |

COCOA, *Bonded.*

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Trinidad and Carraccas | 90 | 0 | a | 100 | 0 |
| Plantation | 65 | 0 | a | 80 | 0 |

Spices and Pepper, per lb.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nutmegs | 18 | 0 | a | 24 | 0 |
| Cloves | 10 | 0 | a | 10 | 6 |
| Cinnamon | 10 | 6 | a | 11 | 6 |
| Mace | 36 | 0 | a | 42 | 0 |
| Pepp. white | 5 | 3 | a | — | 0 |
| ——black | 2 | 5 | a | 2 | 6 |
| Pimento | 2 | 0 | a | — | 0 |

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 53s. 9¾d.

There has been little business doing in raw sugars this month, on account of the importers holding out for high prices, which have been pretty generally obtained. The refined market continues excessively bare of every kind of goods.

### HOPS in the Borough.

| Bags | £ | s | | £ | s |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kent - - | 8 | 0 | a | 11 | 0 |
| Sussex - - | 7 | 7 | a | 10 | 10 |
| Essex - - | 0 | 0 | a | 0 | 0 |

| Pockets | £ | s | | £ | s |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kent - - | 9 | 9 | a | 13 | 13 |
| Sussex - - | 9 | 0 | a | 12 | 12 |
| Farnham - | 0 | 0 | a | 0 | 0 |

### CORN, &c. per Quarter.

| | Aug. | Wheat. s | s | Barley. s | s | Oats. s | s | Beans. s | s | Peas. s | s |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Newcastle | 14 | 56a | 116 | 40 a | 45 | 36 a | 46 | — a | — | — a | — |
| Northampton | — | —a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Canterbury | — | —a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Lewes | 21 | 112a | 120 | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Chesterfield | 14 | 96a | 122 | — a | — | 40 a | 64 | 96 a | — | 88 a | — |
| Ashborne | 14 | 112a | 120 | — a | — | 44 a | 52 | 88 a | 90 | — a | — |
| Guildford | 17 | —a | — | — a | — | 40 a | 45 | 80 a | — | 72 a | — |
| Gainsboro' | 17 | 103a | 106 | 37 a | 54 | 27 a | 40 | 79 a | 89 | — a | — |
| Louth | 18 | 85a | 95 | 30 a | 35 | 25 a | 30 | 70 a | — | — a | — |
| Huntingdon | 14 | 87a | 112 | — a | — | 30 a | 42 | 62 a | 70 | — a | — |
| Newark | 18 | 110a | 118 | — a | — | 40 a | 50 | 80 a | 88 | — a | — |
| Spilsby | 16 | 95a | 115 | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Ryegate | — | —a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Devizes | 19 | 84a | 112 | 40 a | 55 | 38 a | 40 | 66 a | 76 | — a | — |
| Reading | 21 | 100a | 122 | 53 a | — | 25 a | 41 | 70 a | — | 60 a | 66 |
| Swansea | 18 | 120a | — | 66 a | — | 37 a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Henley | — | —a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Maidenhead | — | —a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Salisbury | 17 | 98a | 114 | 48 a | 54 | 32 a | 46 | 74 a | 106 | — a | — |
| Penrith | 17 | 100a | — | 51 a | — | 38 a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Hull | — | —a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Basingstoke | 18 | 108a | 120 | 46 a | 56 | 37 a | 43 | 65 a | 72 | — a | — |
| Wakefield | 20 | 65a | 90 | 34 a | 48 | 30 a | 35 | 74 a | 78 | — a | — |
| Andover | — | —a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — | — a | — |
| Warminster | 21 | 86a | 104 | 40 a | 50 | 40 a | 46 | 60 a | 74 | — a | — |

### SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

| | s | d | | s | d |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brandy, Cog. | 8 | 9 | a | 9 | 6 |
| ——Spanish | 5 | 0 | a | 5 | 2 |
| Hollands Gin | 8 | 0 | a | 8 | 6 |
| Rum, Jamaica | 4 | 6 | a | 6 | 9 |
| ——Lew. Isl. | 3 | 8 | a | 4 | 6 |

| | s | d | | s | d |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mol. Spirits, British | 13 | 10 | a | 14 | 0 |
| ——Irish - | 0 | 0 | a | 0 | 0 |
| ——Scotch | 0 | 0 | a | 0 | 0 |
| Spirits of Wine | 24 | 0 | a | 0 | 0 |

# METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1813.

*Conducted, at Manchester, by* THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

| 1813. JULY. | Wind. | Pressure. Max. | Pressure. Min. | Pressure. Mean. | Temperature. Max. | Temperature. Min. | Temperature. Mean. | Weather. | Evap. | Rain |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | S W 1 | 29,75 | 29,45 | 29 600 | 62,0° | 52,0° | 57,00° | rainy | .034 | — |
| 2 | N W 1 | 29,90 | 29,75 | 29,825 | 58,0 | 48,0 | 53,00 | showery | 066 | — |
| 3 | N W 2 | 30,30 | 29,90 | 30,100 | 61,0 | 44,0 | 52,50 | cloudy | .092 | .255 |
| 4 | N W 2 | 30,41 | 30,30 | 30,355 | 63,0 | 47,0 | 55,00 | cloudy | .104 | .015 |
| ☾ 5 | N W 1 | 30,41 | 30,34 | 30,375 | 70,0 | 47,0 | 58,50 | fine | .096 | |
| 6 | S W 1 | 30,34 | 29,83 | 30,085 | 73,0 | 54,0 | 63,50 | fine | .148 | |
| 7 | S W 2 | 29,83 | 29,50 | 29,665 | 77,0 | 56,0 | 66,50 | fine | 140 | |
| 8 | S W 1 | 29,55 | 29.50 | 29,525 | 77,0 | 52,0 | 64,50 | fine | .130 | |
| 9 | S W 1 | 29,70 | 29,50 | 29 600 | 68,0 | 50,0 | 59,00 | rainy | .050 | — |
| 10 | W 2 | 30,05 | 29,70 | 29,875 | 72,0 | 50,0 | 61,00 | fine | .124 | |
| 11 | W 2 | 30,05 | 30,08 | 30,065 | 75,0 | 57,0 | 66.00 | cloudy | .030 | .850 |
| 12 | W 1 | 30,08 | 29,82 | 29,950 | 72,0 | 50,0 | 61,00 | cloudy | .110 | |
| ○ 13 | S 2 | 29,82 | 29,58 | 29,700 | 71,0 | 58,0 | 64,50 | cloudy | 080 | |
| 14 | S W 2 | 29,62 | 29,58 | 29,600 | 68,0 | 56,0 | 62,00 | fine | .070 | |
| 15 | S W 2 | 29,62 | 29,58 | 29,600 | 69,0 | 56,0 | 62,50 | cloudy | 056 | — |
| 16 | S W 2 | 29,85 | 29,62 | 29,735 | 64,0 | 54,0 | 59,00 | rainy | .080 | — |
| 17 | S W 1 | 29,92 | 29,85 | 29,885 | 73,0 | 51,0 | 62,00 | brilliant | 120 | |
| 18 | S 1 | 29,92 | 29,84 | 29,880 | 71,0 | 51,0 | 61,00 | brilliant | .130 | 1,080 |
| 19 | S 1 | 29,84 | 29,65 | 29,745 | 78,0 | 57,0 | 67,50 | gloomy | .130 | |
| ☽ 20 | S 1 | 29,65 | 29,58 | 29,615 | 70,0 | 53,0 | 61,50 | brilliant | .110 | |
| 21 | N E 1 | 29,58 | 29,52 | 29,550 | 69,0 | 56,0 | 62,50 | fine | .088 | |
| 22 | Var. 2 | 29,52 | 29,40 | 29,460 | 72,0 | 57,0 | 64,50 | variable | .062 | .285 |
| 23 | Var. 2 | 29,40 | 29,35 | 29,375 | 70,0 | 52,0 | 61,00 | cloudy | .086 | — |
| 24 | S W 2 | 29,38 | 29,35 | 29,365 | 72,0 | 55,0 | 63,50 | cloudy | 114 | |
| 25 | S W 2 | 29,38 | 29,24 | 29,310 | 70,0 | 51,0 | 60,50 | rainy | .100 | — |
| 26 | S W 2 | 29,53 | 29,28 | 29,405 | 72,0 | 55,0 | 63,50 | rainy | .080 | 680 |
| ● 27 | W 2 | 29,98 | 29,53 | 29,755 | 73,0 | 56,0 | 64,50 | cloudy | .124 | .145 |
| 28 | W 2 | 30,35 | 29,98 | 30,165 | 72,0 | 55,0 | 63,50 | fine | .116 | |
| 29 | S W 1 | 30,35 | 30,25 | 30,300 | 76,0 | 51,0 | 63,50 | brilliant | .116 | |
| 30 | S 1 | 30,25 | 29,90 | 30,075 | 83,0 | 62,0 | 72,50 | brilliant | .164 | — |
| 31 | S 1 | 30,12 | 29,90 | 30,010 | 71,0 | 58,0 | 64,50 | cloudy | .075 | .030 |
| | | | *Mean* | 29 791 | | *Mean* | 62,36 | | 3,075 | 3,440 |

## RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 29·791—maximum, 30.41, wind N. W. 1.—Minimum, 29.24, wind S. W. 1.—Range, 1,17 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .45 of an in. which was on the 27th.

Mean temperature, 62°.36.--Maximum, 83°, wind S. 1--Min. 44°, wind N. W. 2--Range 39.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 25°, which was on the 8th and 29th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 6,10 inches    Number of changes, 11.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 3,075 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 3,440 inches.—Number of wet days, 12.—Total rain this year, 17,245 inches.

WIND.

| N | NE | E | SE | S | SW | W | NW | Variable. | Calm. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 13 | 5 | 4 | 2 | 0 |

Brisk winds 0—Boisterous ones 0.

This month has been characterized by frequent falls of rain; in three instances it came down in torrents, and at those times there prevailed much lightning and thunder; with showers of hail from the west: some of the hailstones in the town were almost an inch in circumference, and completely transparent; but others in the vicinity were much larger. Prevailing winds, south, south-west, and west. The barometrical pressure described pretty large ranges about the beginning and close, but from the 11th to the 25th almost stationary. The minimum temperature occurred on the 3d, and the maximum on the 30th; the monthly mean, near four degrees higher than that of the preceding month. The greatest diurnal force of evaporation was on the 29th and 30th.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1813.

*Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.*

| 1813 JUNE. | Wind. | Pressure. Max. | Pressure. Min. | Pressure. Mean. | Temperature. Max. | Temperature. Min. | Temperature. Mean. | Weather. | Evap. | Rain. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | N W | 29,86 | 29,78 | 29,820 | 68° | 50° | 59,0° | rainy | — | .26 |
| 2 | N W | 29,97 | 29,86 | 29,915 | 62 | 46 | 54,0 | clouds | — | — |
| 3 | N W | 30,16 | 29,97 | 30,065 | 60 | 40 | 50,0 | fine | — | |
| 4 | N W | 30,25 | 30,16 | 30,205 | 63 | 46 | 54,5 | fine | .36 | |
| ☾ 5 | N W | 30,25 | 30,16 | 30,205 | 69 | 48 | 58,5 | fine | — | |
| 6 | S W | 30,16 | 29,88 | 30,020 | 78 | 45 | 61,5 | fine | — | |
| 7 | S E | 29,88 | 29,79 | 29,835 | 82 | 58 | 70,0 | fine | .60 | |
| 8 | S W | 29,79 | 29,72 | 29,755 | 74 | 54 | 64,0 | fine | — | |
| 9 | N W | 29,90 | 29,79 | 29,845 | 78 | 47 | 62,5 | fine | — | |
| 10 | N | 30,00 | 29,90 | 29,950 | 75 | 50 | 62,5 | fine | .42 | |
| 11 | N W | 30,02 | 30,00 | 30,010 | 67 | 54 | 60,5 | fine | — | |
| 12 | N W | 30,00 | 29,90 | 29,950 | 76 | 54 | 65,0 | fine | — | |
| ○ 13 | S W | 29,90 | 29,78 | 29,840 | 73 | 59 | 66,0 | cloudy | — | |
| 14 | S W | 29,78 | 29,76 | 29,770 | 70 | 60 | 65,0 | showery | .39 | — |
| 15 | N W | 29,86 | 29,76 | 29,810 | 65 | 53 | 59,0 | rainy | — | .49 |
| 16 | N W | 29,97 | 29,86 | 29,915 | 71 | 53 | 62,0 | cloudy | — | — |
| 17 | N W | 29,98 | 29,97 | 29,975 | 70 | 52 | 61,0 | fine | — | — |
| 18 | W | 29,98 | 29,88 | 29,930 | 77 | 50 | 63,5 | fine | .45 | |
| 19 | S | 29,88 | 29,70 | 29,790 | 75 | 53 | 64,0 | showery | — | — |
| ☽ 20 | E | 29,70 | 29,69 | 29,695 | 75 | 56 | 65,5 | fine | — | — |
| 21 | N W | 29,69 | 29,69 | 29,690 | 68 | 57 | 62,5 | fine | — | — |
| 22 | S W | 29,69 | 29,68 | 29,685 | 75 | 58 | 66,5 | fine | .44 | — |
| 23 | S W | 29,68 | 29,66 | 29,670 | 75 | 53 | 64,0 | showery | — | .45 |
| 24 | N W | 29,68 | 29,64 | 29,660 | 74 | 57 | 65,5 | showery | — | 1,45 |
| 25 | W | 29,70 | 29,64 | 29,670 | 73 | 55 | 64,0 | showery | — | — |
| 26 | W | 29,90 | 29,70 | 29,800 | 68 | 54 | 61,0 | showery | .51 | .47 |
| ● 27 | W | 30,16 | 29,90 | 30,030 | 72 | 55 | 63,5 | clouds | — | — |
| 28 | S W | 30,26 | 30,16 | 30,210 | 75 | 53 | 64,0 | fine | — | |
| 29 | W | 30,16 | 30,10 | 30,130 | 81 | 57 | 69,0 | sultry | .57 | |
| 30 | S E | 30,07 | 29,98 | 30,025 | 89 | 53 | 71,0 | sultry | — | |
| 31 | N W | 30,10 | 30,07 | 30,085 | 73 | 57 | 65,0 | fine | .39 | |
| | | | Mean | 29,901 | | Mean | 62,7 | Total | 4,13*in.* | 3.12*in.* |

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,901 inches; highest observation, 30,26 inches; lowest, 29,64 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 62,7°.—highest observation, 89°—lowest, 40°.—Total of evaporation, 4,13 inches.—Rain 3,12 in.—in another gauge, 2,94 inches.

*Notes.*—15th. Rainy day.—23d. Some thunder about four o'clock P. M. with heavy rain.—24th. A thunder storm about half past three o'clock P. M. with heavy rain.—25th. Fine morning.—26th. Some thunder with heavy rain in the afternoon.

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## *Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for* AUGUST, 1813.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Albion Fire and Life Assurance | £42 | per sh. |
| Globe Ditto | 103 | do. |
| Eagle Ditto | £2 10s. | do. |
| London Dock Stock | £101 | per ct. |
| East India Ditto | 110½ | do. |
| West India Ditto | 146 | do. |
| East London Waterworks | £63 | pr. sh. |
| Grand Junction Ditto | 38 | do. |
| Kent Ditto | 56 10s. | do. |
| Birmingham Ditto | 545 | do. |
| Croydon Ditto | 18 5s. | do. |
| Grand Junction Ditto | 206 | do. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Huddersfield Canal | 12 5s. | per sh. |
| Ellesmere Ditto | 66 | do. |
| Kennett and Avon Ditto | 20 | do. |
| Leeds and Liverpool Ditto | 204 a 205 | do. |
| Wilts and Berks Ditto | 18 | do. |
| Leicester Ditto | 210 | do. |
| Oxford Ditto | 645 | do. |
| Beralston Lead and Silver Mines | 80 | do. pm. |
| London Institution | 45 | do. |
| Surry Ditto | 13 5s. | do. |
| Strand Bridge | 43 a 44 | do. dis. |
| London Commission Sale-Rooms | £41 | do. |

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

# PRICES OF STOCKS.

| Date. | Bank Stock | 3 Pr. Ct. Consols. | 3 pr.ct. Red. | 4 pr.ct. Cons. | Navy 5 pr.ct. | Long Ann. | Omnium | Impl.3 pr.ct. | Impl. Anns. | Irish 5 pr. ct | S. Sea Stock. | S. Sea Anns. | India Stock | India Bonds. | Exchqr. Bills.$3\frac{1}{2}$d. | St. Lotty. Tickets | Cons. for ac. Aug.25 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| July 21 | — | $56\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ | 57 | $72\frac{3}{8}$ | 86 | $14\frac{1}{4}$ | $5\frac{3}{4}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | 60 | — | — | — | 3 *Dis.* | £22. 15. | $57\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 22 | — | $56\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$ | $56\frac{7}{8}$ | $72\frac{1}{8}$ | 86 | $14\frac{1}{4}$ | $5\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | — | 2 *Dis.* | *Par.* | | $57\frac{5}{8}$ a $6\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 23 | 219 | $56\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$ | $56\frac{7}{8}$ | 72 | 86 | $14\frac{1}{4}$ | $5\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | $166\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 *Dis.* | *Par.* | | $56\frac{3}{4}$ a $7\frac{1}{4}$ |
| 24 | — | $56\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$ | $56\frac{7}{8}$ | $72\frac{1}{8}$ | 86 | $14\frac{1}{4}$ | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | 1 *Dis.* | *Par.* | | 57 a $\frac{1}{8}$ |
| 26 | — | $56\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ | $57\frac{1}{8}$ | $72\frac{1}{4}$ | $86\frac{1}{8}$ | $14\frac{1}{4}$ | $5\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | 167 | 1 *Dis.* | 1 *Pm.* | | 57 a $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| 27 | 219 | $56\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ | 57 | $72\frac{1}{2}$ | $86\frac{3}{8}$ | $14\frac{1}{4}$ | $5\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.* | — | $4\frac{3}{16}$ | — | — | — | $167\frac{3}{4}$ | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | 57 a $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| 28 | — | $56\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$ | $57\frac{1}{8}$ | $72\frac{5}{8}$ | $86\frac{5}{8}$ | $14\frac{5}{16}$ | $5\frac{5}{8}$ *Pm* | $55\frac{7}{8}$ | $4\frac{3}{16}$ | — | — | $56\frac{7}{8}$ | $168\frac{1}{2}$ | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| 29 | 219 | $56\frac{7}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ | $57\frac{1}{4}$ | $72\frac{3}{4}$ | $86\frac{3}{4}$ | $14\frac{5}{16}$ | $5\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.* | 56 | — | — | — | — | $168\frac{1}{2}$ | *Par.* | 4 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$ |
| 30 | — | $57\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$ | $57\frac{7}{8}$ | $73\frac{1}{4}$ | $87\frac{1}{4}$ | $14\frac{7}{16}$ | $6\frac{3}{4}$ *Pm.* | $56\frac{3}{8}$ | — | — | — | — | 168 | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{1}{2}$ a 8 |
| 31 | — | $57\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$ | $57\frac{7}{8}$ | $73\frac{1}{8}$ | $87\frac{1}{4}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | — | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{3}{4}$ a 8 |
| Aug. 2 | $219\frac{3}{4}$ | $57\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$ | $58\frac{1}{8}$ | $73\frac{1}{4}$ | $87\frac{5}{8}$ | $14\frac{9}{16}$ | $7\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | — | 1 *Dis.* | 2 *Pm.* | | 58 a $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| 3 | $219\frac{1}{2}$ | $57\frac{7}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | $58\frac{1}{8}$ | $73\frac{1}{2}$ | $87\frac{3}{4}$ | $14\frac{5}{8}$ | $7\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | $169\frac{3}{4}$ | 1 *Dis.* | 2 *Pm.* | | $58\frac{1}{8}$ a $7\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 4 | — | $57\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ | 58 | $73\frac{1}{4}$ | $87\frac{5}{8}$ | $14\frac{9}{16}$ | 7 *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | $169\frac{3}{4}$ | 1 *Dis.* | 2 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{7}{8}$ a 8 |
| 5 | $219\frac{1}{2}$ | $57\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | 58 | $73\frac{1}{4}$ | $87\frac{5}{8}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | 169 | *Par.* | 1 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{7}{8}$ |
| 6 | — | $57\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$ | $57\frac{7}{8}$ | 73 | $87\frac{1}{2}$ | $14\frac{7}{16}$ | $6\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.* | $56\frac{1}{2}$ | — | — | $61\frac{3}{4}$ | $57\frac{3}{4}$ | $169\frac{1}{4}$ | *Par.* | 1 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$ |
| 7 | 220 | $57\frac{7}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | $58\frac{1}{8}$ | $73\frac{1}{8}$ | $87\frac{1}{2}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $7\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | — | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $58\frac{1}{4}$ a $7\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 9 | — | $57\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$ | $58\frac{1}{8}$ | $73\frac{1}{8}$ | $87\frac{5}{8}$ | $14\frac{9}{16}$ | $7\frac{1}{8}$ *Pm* | — | — | — | — | — | — | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $58\frac{3}{8}$ a $8\frac{1}{8}$ |
| 10 | — | $57\frac{7}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | $58\frac{1}{8}$ | $73\frac{1}{4}$ | $87\frac{5}{8}$ | $14\frac{9}{16}$ | $7\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | — | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $58\frac{1}{8}$ a $7\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 11 | — | $57\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | 58 | 73 | $87\frac{1}{2}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.* | 5[illegible]$\frac{1}{2}$ | — | — | — | — | $169\frac{1}{4}$ | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $58\frac{7}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 12 | Hol. | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | | — |
| 13 | $219\frac{1}{2}$ | $57\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$ | $57\frac{7}{8}$ | 73 | $87\frac{3}{8}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.* | $56\frac{3}{8}$ | — | — | — | $57\frac{3}{8}$ | — | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{7}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 14 | $219\frac{1}{2}$ | $57\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$ | $57\frac{7}{8}$ | — | $87\frac{1}{2}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{5}{8}$ *Pm.* | — | $4\frac{1}{4}$ | — | — | — | — | 1 *Dis.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 16 | $219\frac{1}{4}$ | $57\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$ | $57\frac{7}{8}$ | 73 | $87\frac{1}{2}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{3}{4}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | $57\frac{1}{2}$ | $168\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 *Dis.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{7}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 17 | 219 | $57\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$ | $57\frac{3}{4}$ | $72\frac{7}{8}$ | $87\frac{1}{2}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{5}{8}$ *Pm.* | — | $4\frac{5}{16}$ | — | — | — | — | 3 *Dis.* | 2 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{5}{8}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 18 | — | $57\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$ | $57\frac{7}{8}$ | $72\frac{3}{4}$ | $87\frac{1}{2}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{5}{8}$ *Pm.* | $56\frac{1}{2}$ | — | — | — | — | — | 3 *Dis.* | 2 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{3}{4}$ |
| 19 | 219 | $57\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$ | 58 | $72\frac{3}{4}$ | $87\frac{3}{8}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | — | 1 *Dis.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{3}{4}$ a 58 |
| 20 | 219 | $57\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$ | 58 | $72\frac{3}{4}$ | $87\frac{3}{8}$ | $14\frac{1}{2}$ | $6\frac{3}{4}$ *Pm.* | — | — | — | — | — | — | *Par.* | 3 *Pm.* | | $57\frac{3}{4}$ |

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